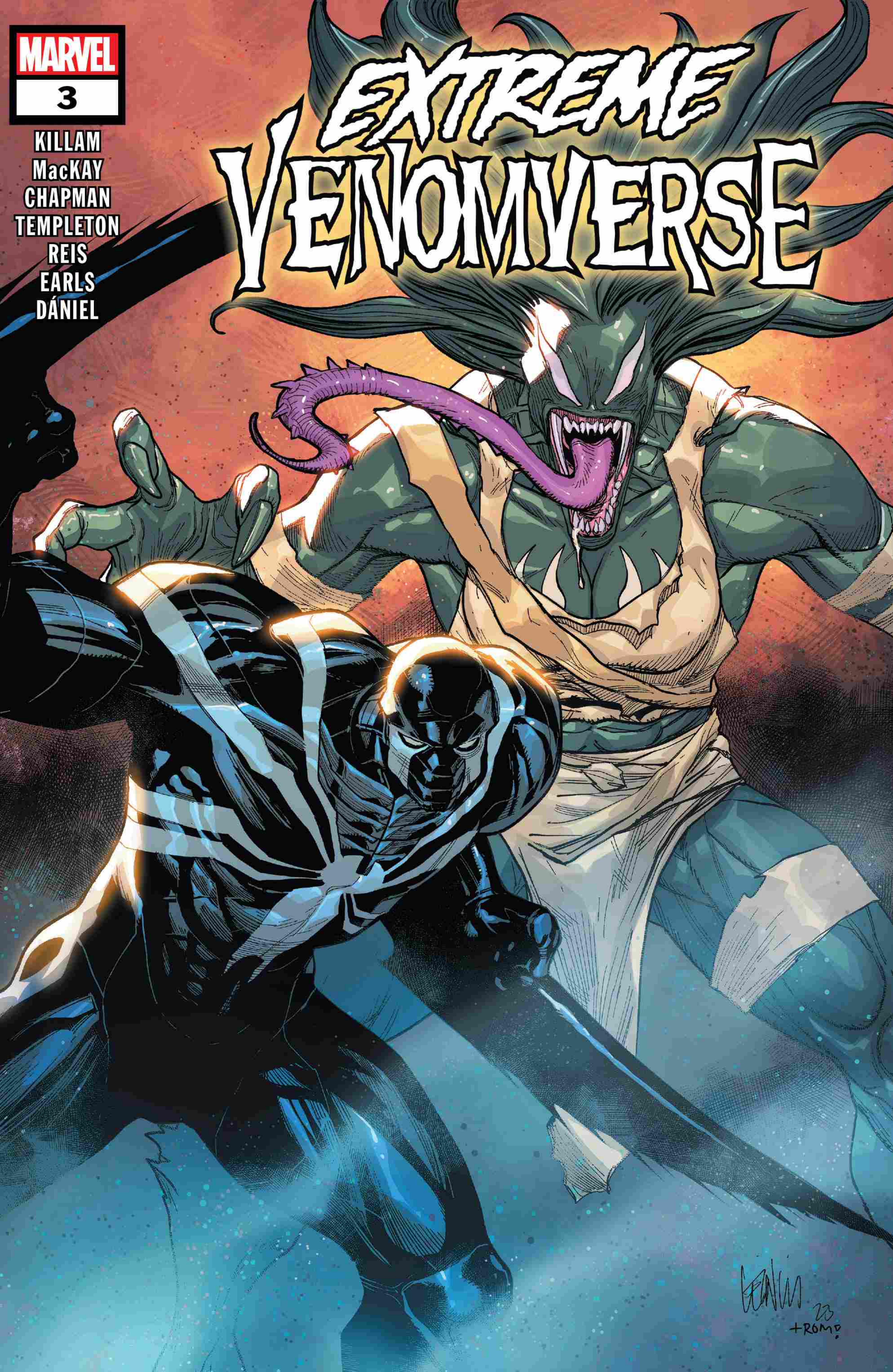


MARVEL

3

**KILLAM
MacKAY
CHAPMAN
TEMPLETON
REIS
EARLS
DÁNIEL**

EXTREME VENOMVERSE



Benjamin
+ROMO



SOMETHING IS HUNTING VENOMS WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE. While blood spills across the Multiverse, a bevy of unsuspecting symbiotes and their hosts are sitting ducks—as a violent and visceral force seeks to rend them limb from limb in an...

EXTREME VENOMVERSE

BLACK FANG IN
"GREATNESS AND CATASTROPHE"
JED MACKAY writer
DANIEL EARLS artist
ALEX GUIMARÃES color artist

MADAME BROCK IN
"BEST LITTLE HORROR HOUSE"
TARAN KILLAM writer
ROD REIS artist

VENOM: SPACEKNIGHT
"WET WORKS"
CLAY MCLEOD CHAPMAN writer
NELSON DÁNIEL artist
ANTONIO FABELA color artist

VC's JOE SABINO letterer
LEINIL FRANCIS YU & ROMULO FAJARDO JR. cover artists
LUCIO PARRILLO; KEN LASHLEY & JUAN FERNANDEZ; PEACH MOMOKO;
RYAN STEGMAN, JP MAYER & DAVE MCCAIG variant cover artists
GABRIEL MATA with CARLOS LAO designers
LINDSEY COHICK assistant editor
DEVIN LEWIS editor
C.B. CEBULSKI editor in chief

THEY HAD CAST
DILANN OUT ON THE
DAY HER FATHER,
BROKK, HAD DIED.

BROKK HAD ALWAYS
BEEN UNLUCKY.
CURSED. MOST
BELIEVED.

AND EVERYONE KNEW THAT
SOMETIMES CURSES
DIDN'T DIE WITH THE
CURSED, BUT INSTEAD
LIVED ON IN THOSE OF
THEIR **BLOOD.**

THAT WASN'T WHAT
HE HAD TOLD HER
THOUGH.

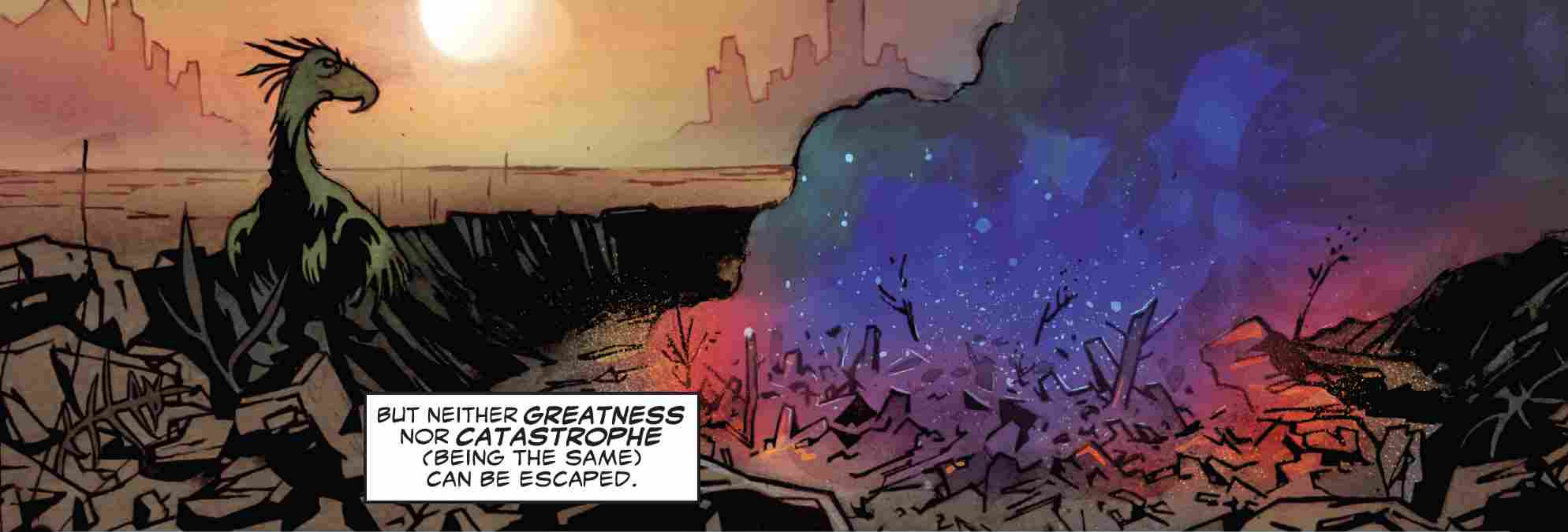
HER FATHER HAD SAID
THE GODS HAD
MARKED HER FOR A
GREAT DESTINY.

BUT THE TRIBE
WANTED NO
PART OF IT.



THEIR WORD FOR
"GREATNESS" WAS THE
SAME AS ANOTHER IN
THEIR LANGUAGE:

"CATASTROPHE."



BUT NEITHER **GREATNESS**
NOR **CATASTROPHE**
(BEING THE SAME)
CAN BE ESCAPED.



AND WHEN THE
GODS CAST DOWN
GIFTS FROM THE
SKIES...



...THOSE GIFTS
MUST BE
ACCEPTED.



FOR CAN THERE
BE ANY GREATER
GIFT...



...THAN **ONE**
OUTCAST...



...FINDING
ANOTHER?

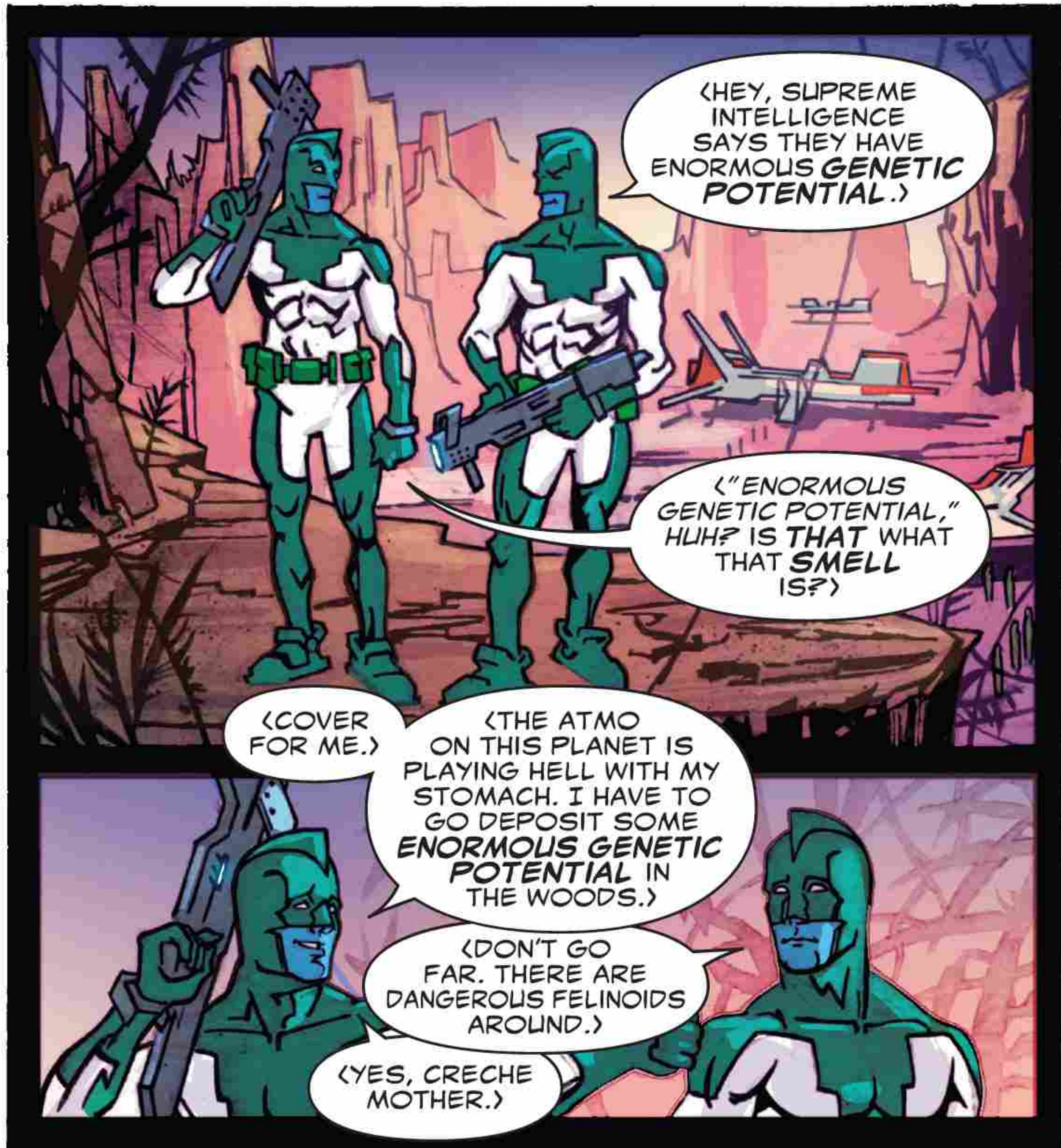


<UGH.>*

<HARVESTING
PRIMITIVES.>

<CAN IT
GET ANY **MORE**
HUMILIATING FOR
THE MIGHTY KREE
NAVY?>

*TRANSLATED FROM KREE.



<HEY, SUPREME
INTELLIGENCE
SAYS THEY HAVE
**ENORMOUS GENETIC
POTENTIAL.**>

<"ENORMOUS
GENETIC POTENTIAL,"
HUH? IS **THAT** WHAT
THAT **SMELL**
IS?>

<COVER
FOR ME.>

<THE ATMO
ON THIS PLANET IS
PLAYING HELL WITH MY
STOMACH. I HAVE TO
GO DEPOSIT SOME
**ENORMOUS GENETIC
POTENTIAL** IN
THE WOODS.>

<DON'T GO
FAR. THERE ARE
DANGEROUS FELINOIDS
AROUND.>

<YES, CRECHE
MOTHER.>



<OHHH, WE'LL
GIVE THOSE
SKRULLS A KICKIN'
WHEN WE MEET
THEM ON THE
FIELD...>

<AND WE'LL
GIVE THOSE
SKRULLS A LICKIN'
AND NEVER SHALL
WE YIELD-->

<WHAT
THE--?>



<HALA.>



<CONTACT!
CONT-->

GREATNESS AND
CATASTROPHE.

SHE UNDERSTOOD
THAT NOW.

HER BELOVED, HER OTHER
HALF, EMBRACED HER WITH
A DESPERATE NEED SHE HAD
NEVER KNOWN IN ANOTHER
BEFORE, ONE MATCHED
ONLY BY HER OWN.

IT LAYERED MUSCLES OVER
HERS, LENT HER CLAWS AND
FANGS, BLACKED OVER HER
YELLOW HAIR WITH A WILD
MANE OF INK.

SHE WAS NO LONGER JUST
DILANN, THE CURSED OUTCAST.
IT WAS NO LONGER A
NAMELESS ORPHAN FROM
THE STARS, SO FAR FROM
THE PLACE OF ITS SPAWNING.

TOGETHER,
THEY WERE THE

**BLACK
FANG.**



LIKE THE **REST** OF HER PEOPLE, HER FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO THINK THE INVADERS **GODS**.

BUT HER OTHER HALF ASSURED HER THAT THEY WERE ALL TOO MORTAL.

THEY SCREAMED AND DIED AND BLED LIKE ANY OTHER.

THEY SHRIEKED AND WAILED IN ALIEN TONGUES WHEN SHE VISITED HER **GREATNESS** AND **CATASTROPHE** UPON THEM.

THEY **DIED**, FAR FROM THE STARRY HOMES TO WHICH THEY WOULD NEVER RETURN, AWAY TO WHICH THEY WOULD HAVE **STOLEN** HER PEOPLE.

HER PEOPLE.

CAST OUT SHE MAY HAVE BEEN, BUT IN THE FACE OF THE ALIEN SLAVERS...

...HOW **COULD** SHE BE ANYTHING **BUT** HER PEOPLE'S **LETHAL** PROTECTOR?



A SHINING MAN
WHO CASTS
LIGHTNING.

"IS **THIS** A GOD, MY
LOVE?" ASKED DILANN
TO HER OTHER HALF.

"NO," IT
HISSED.



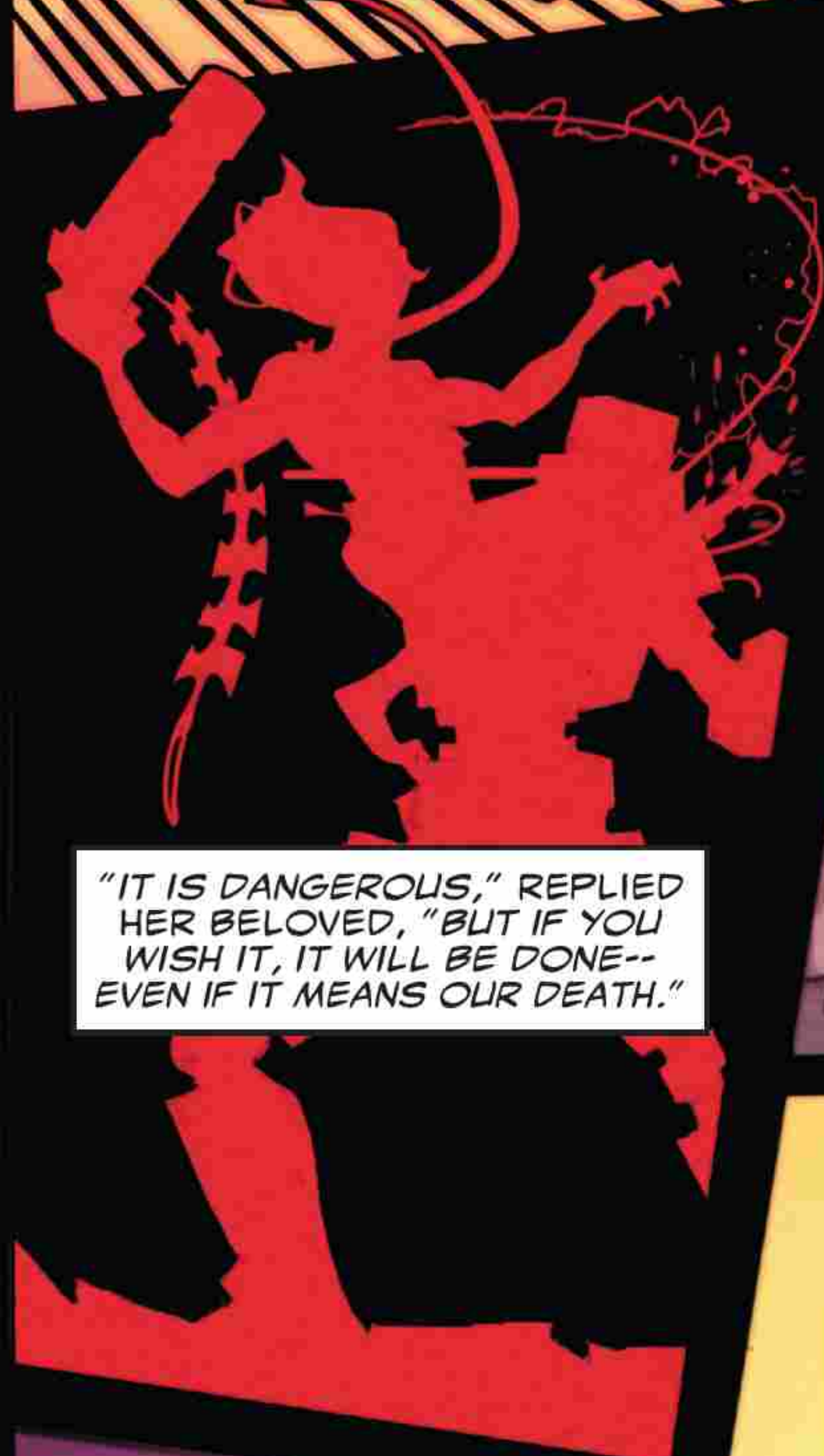
"IT IS A
TOOL.

"AND ANY TOOL
MAY BE BROKEN,
BELOVED."





"IS IT WITHIN OUR POWER
TO DO SO, MY LOVE?"
ASKED DILANN.



"IT IS DANGEROUS," REPLIED
HER BELOVED, "BUT IF YOU
WISH IT, IT WILL BE DONE--
EVEN IF IT MEANS OUR DEATH."



"I WISH IT,"
DILANN TOLD
IT.



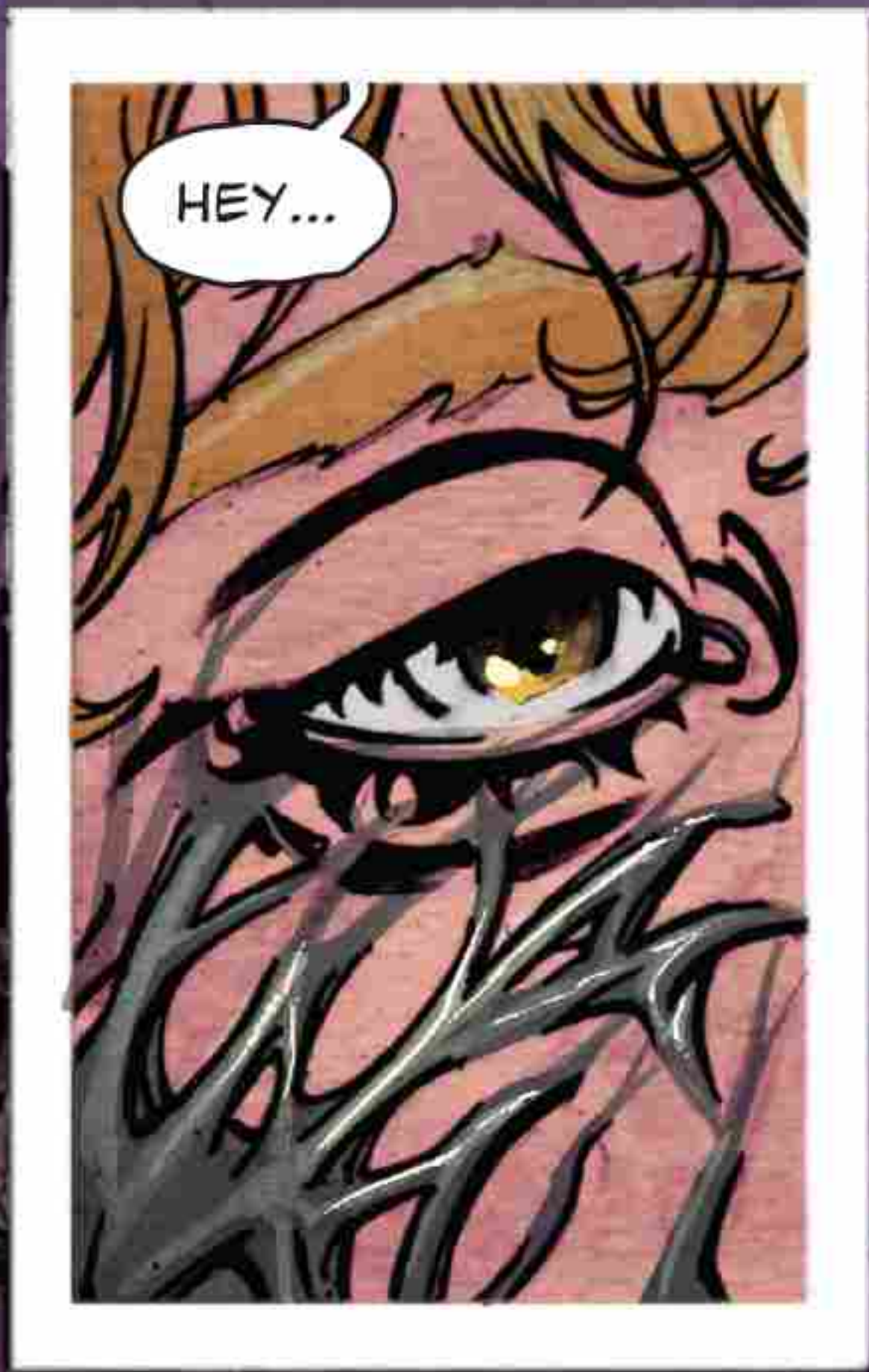
"I CANNOT LET THEM BE
TAKEN INTO SLAVERY.
THEY ARE MY PEOPLE."



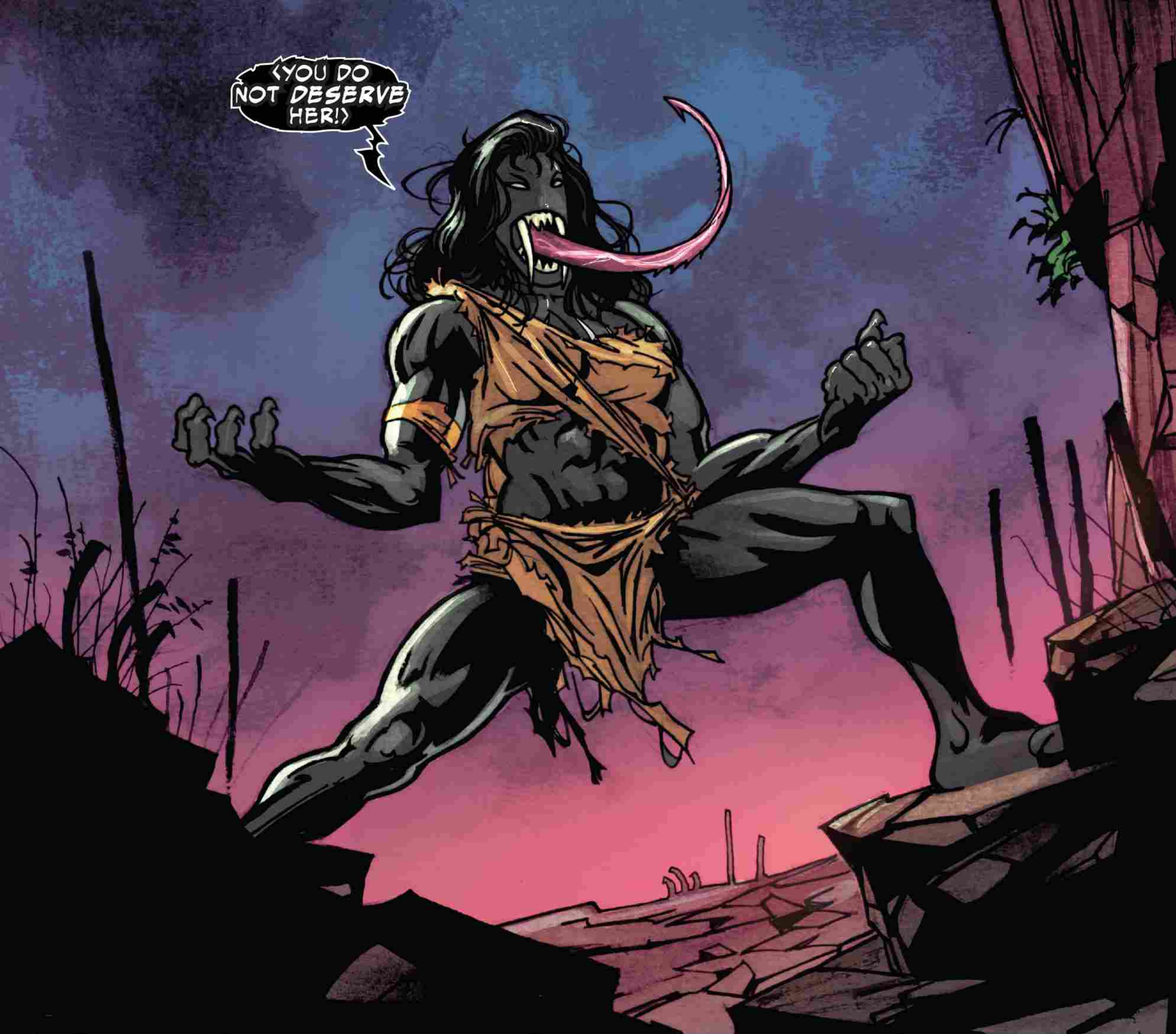
"THEN THEY
ARE MY PEOPLE
TOO," REPLIED
HER BELOVED.



"FOR AS LONG AS
THEY DESERVE
YOU, DILANN
BLACK-FANG."

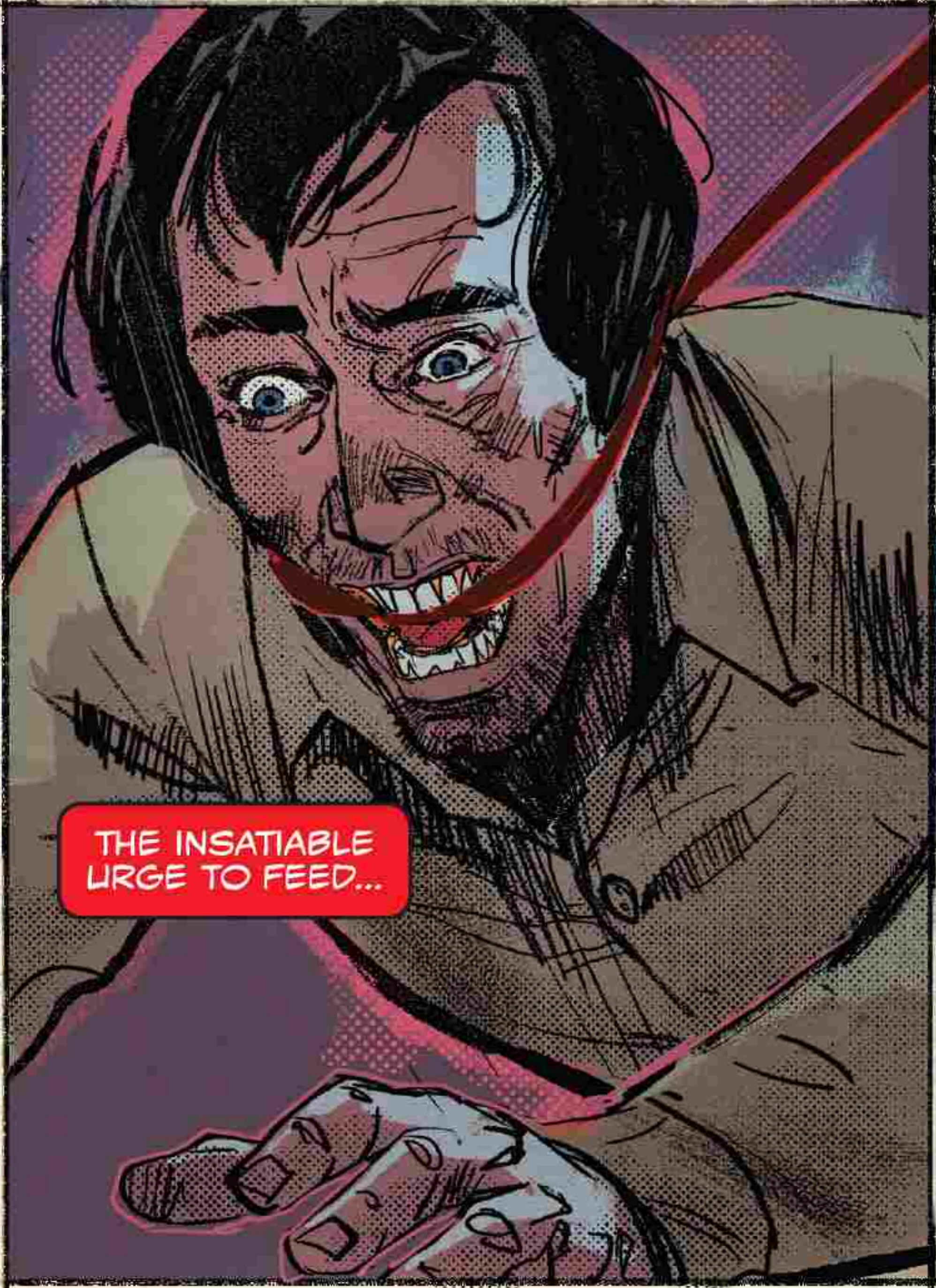








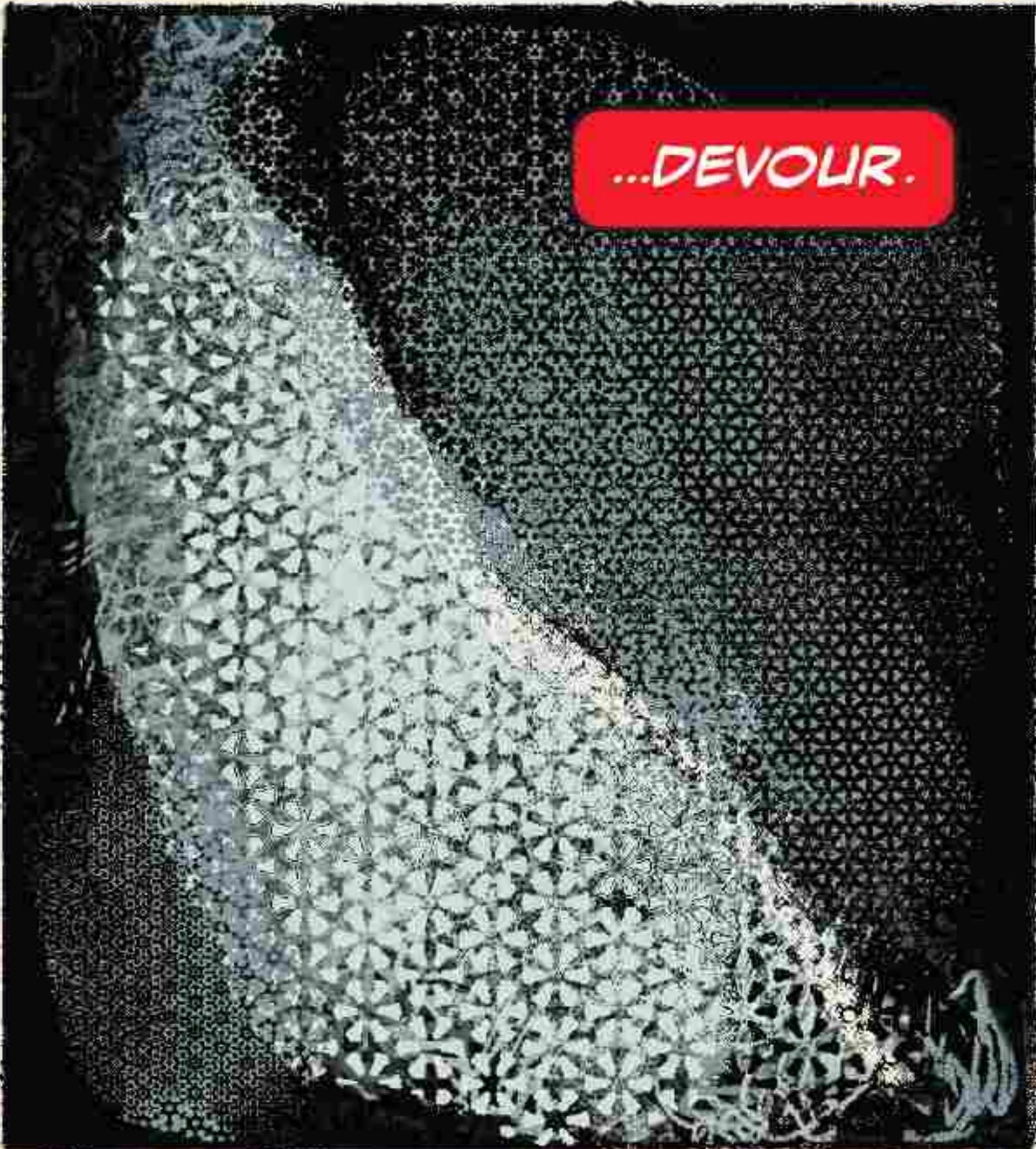
HUNGER.



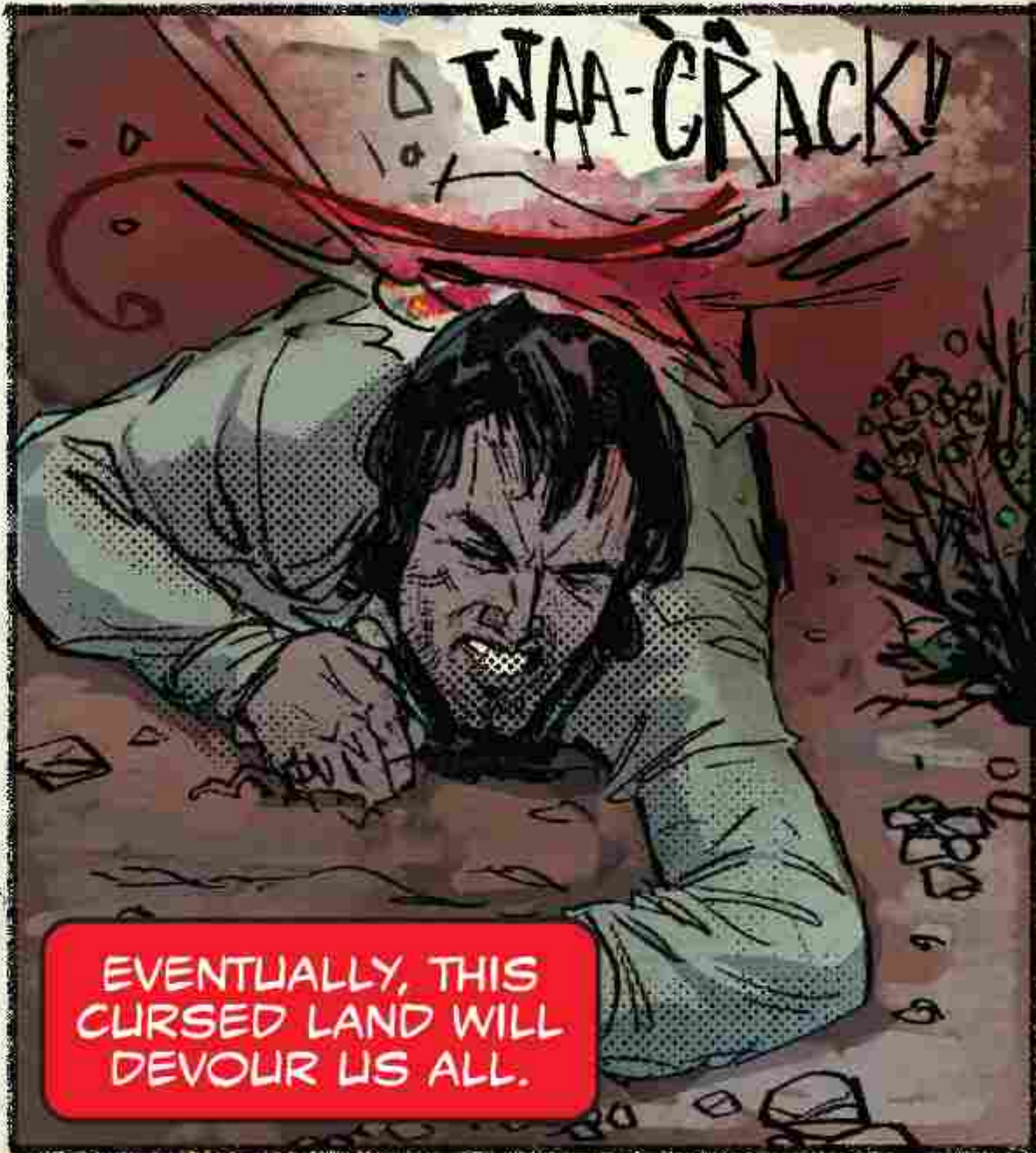
THE INSATIABLE
URGE TO FEED...



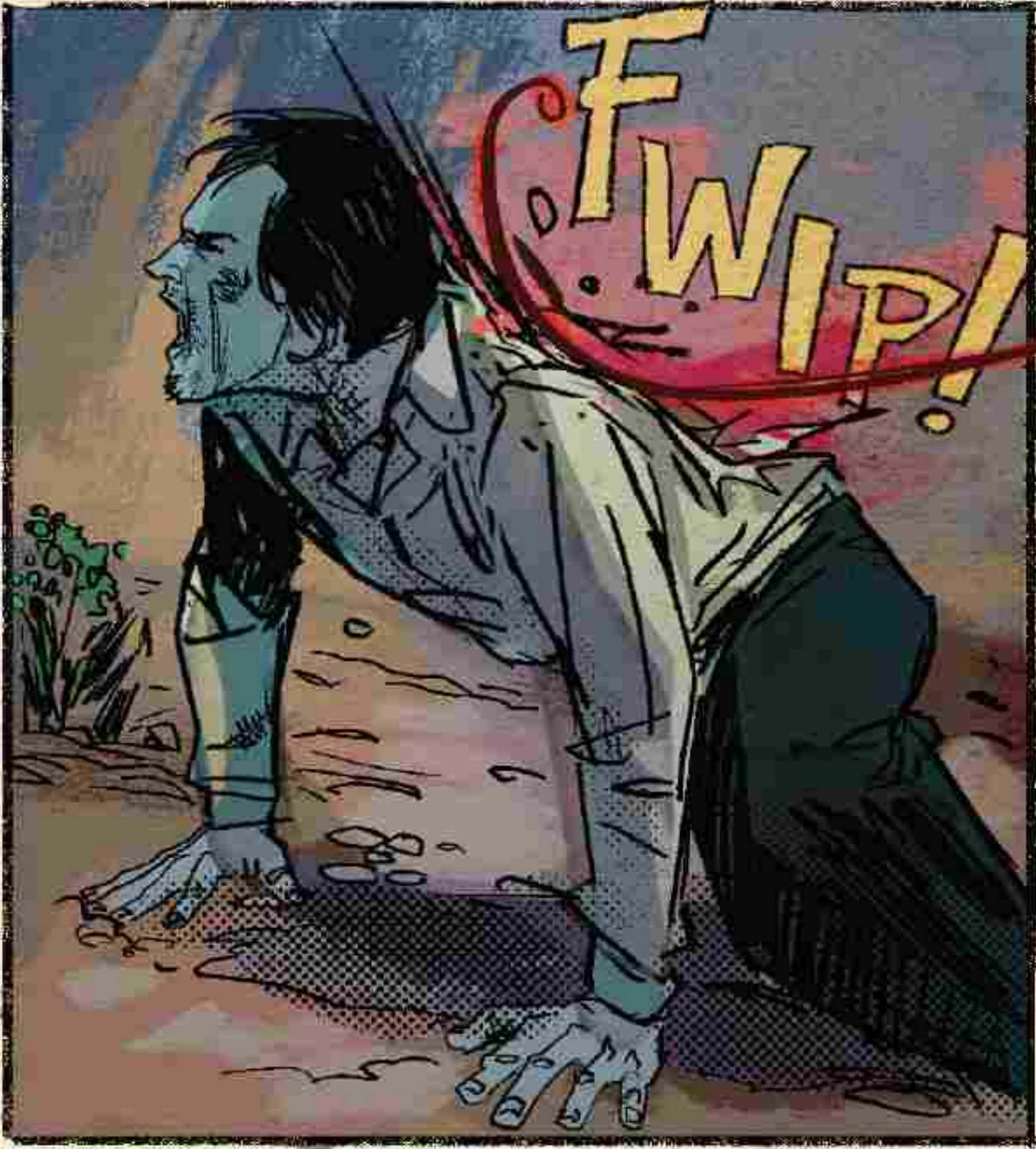
...TO CONSUME...



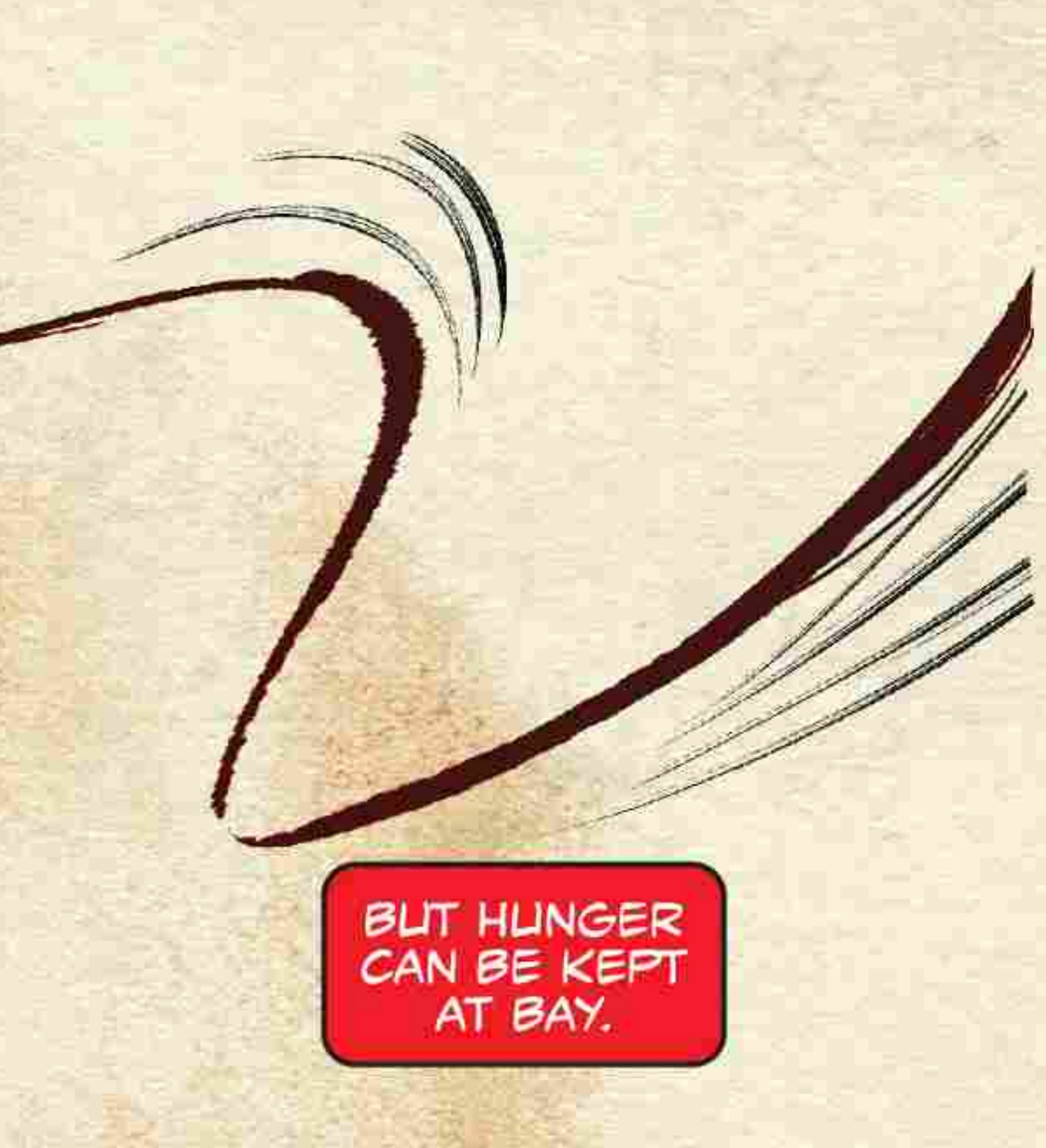
...DEVOUR.



EVENTUALLY, THIS
CURSED LAND WILL
DEVOUR US ALL.



FWIP!

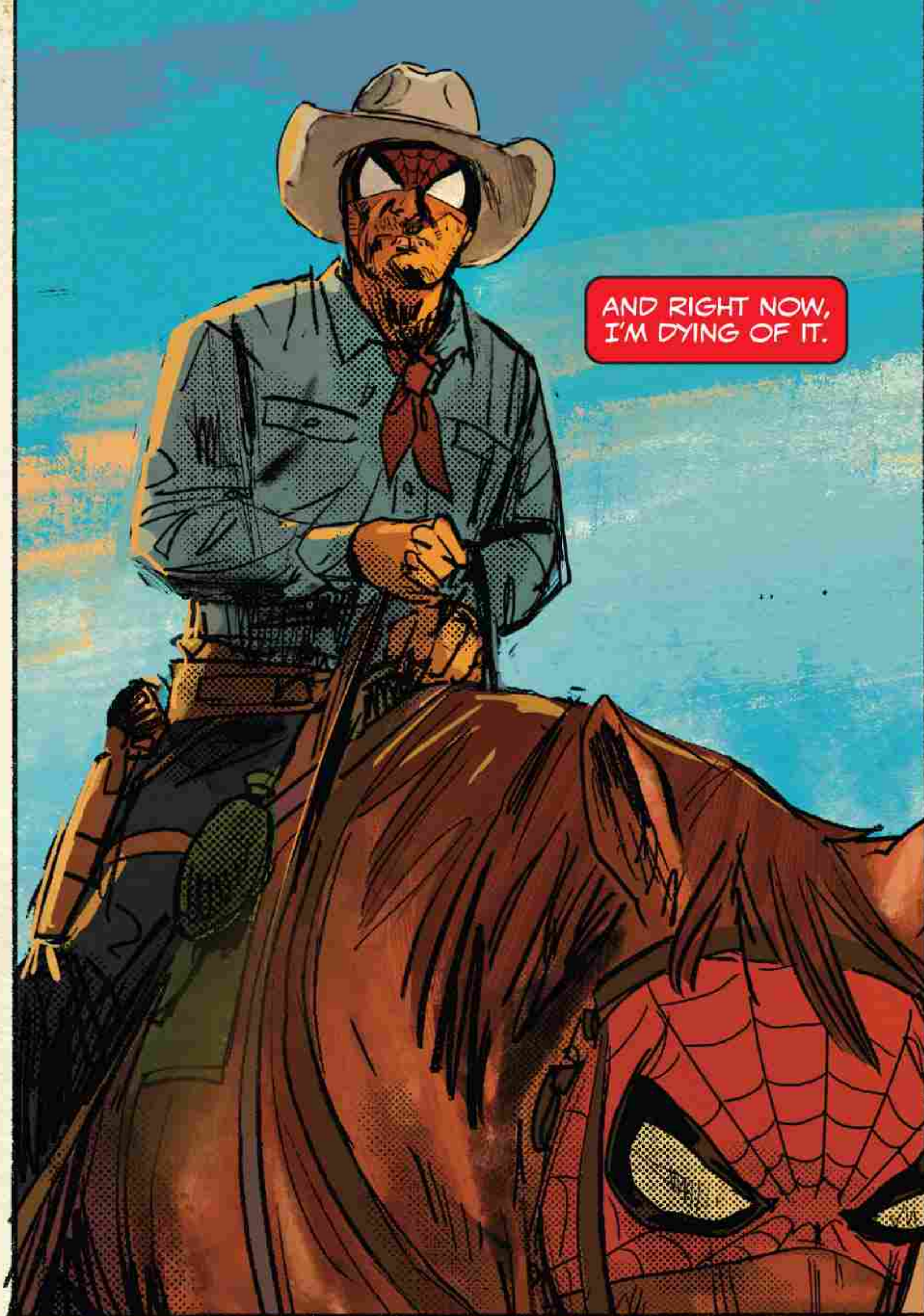


BUT HUNGER
CAN BE KEPT
AT BAY.



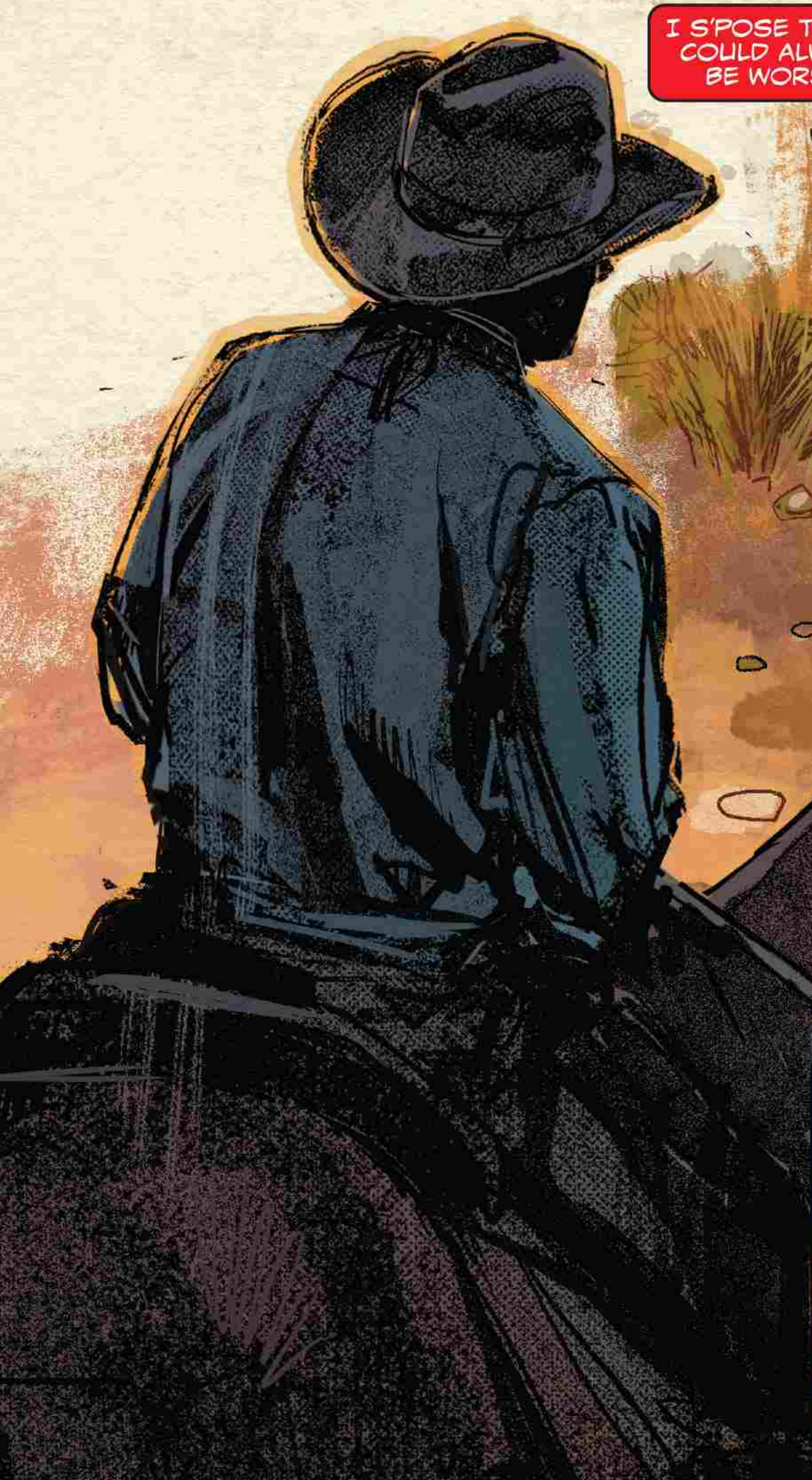
THERE'S ONE
CRAVING THAT
WON'T BE
DENIED...

THIRST.



AND RIGHT NOW,
I'M DYING OF IT.

I S'POSE THINGS
COULD ALWAYS
BE WORSE.



THIS MIGHT BE
A TRAGEDY...

...OR A WARNING.
EITHER WAY...



I NEED A
DRINK.

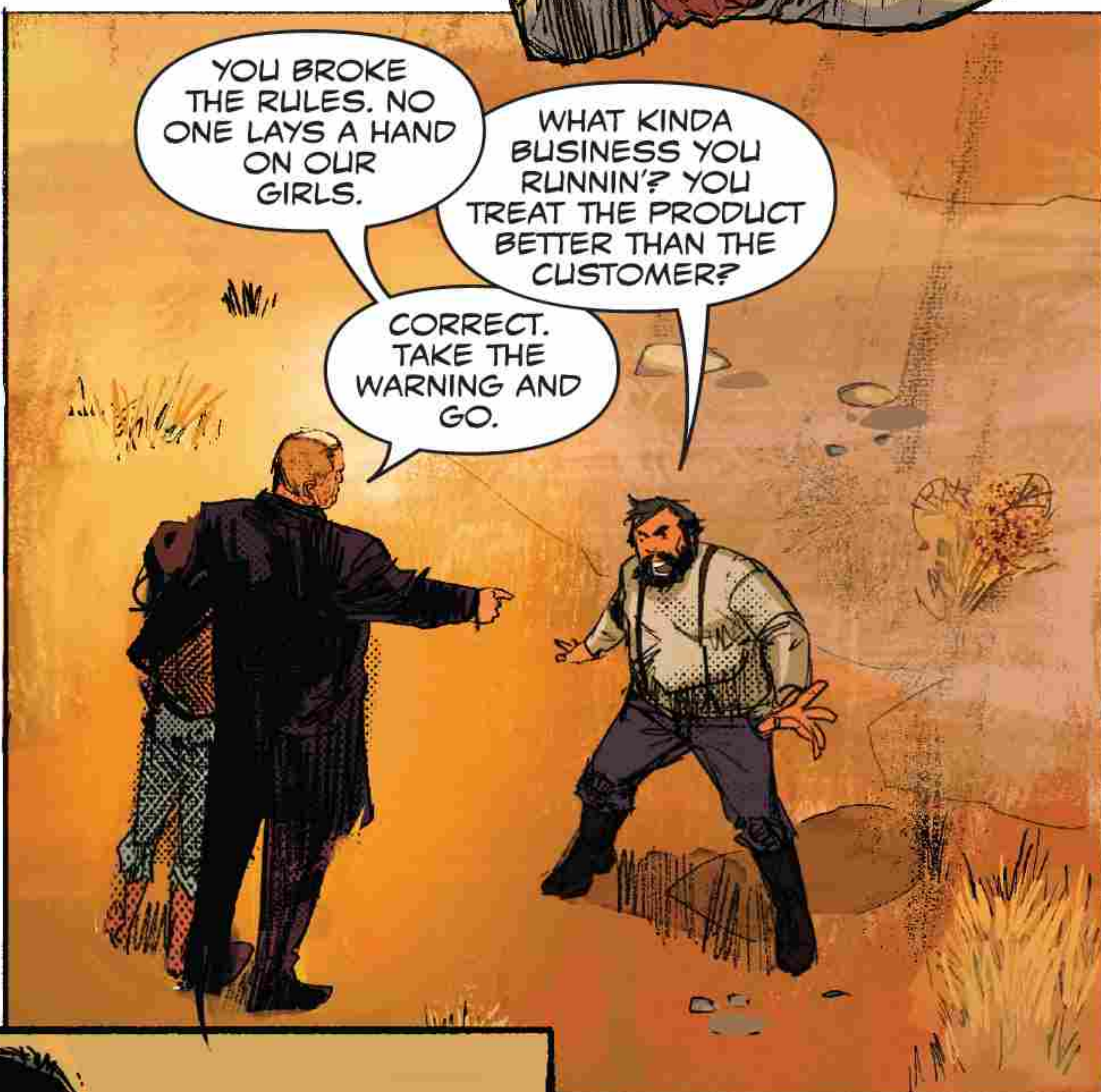




I SUGGEST
YOU TURN AROUND
AND RIDE ON.



SHE'S
MINE! I PAID
FER HER!



YOU BROKE
THE RULES. NO
ONE LAYS A HAND
ON OUR
GIRLS.

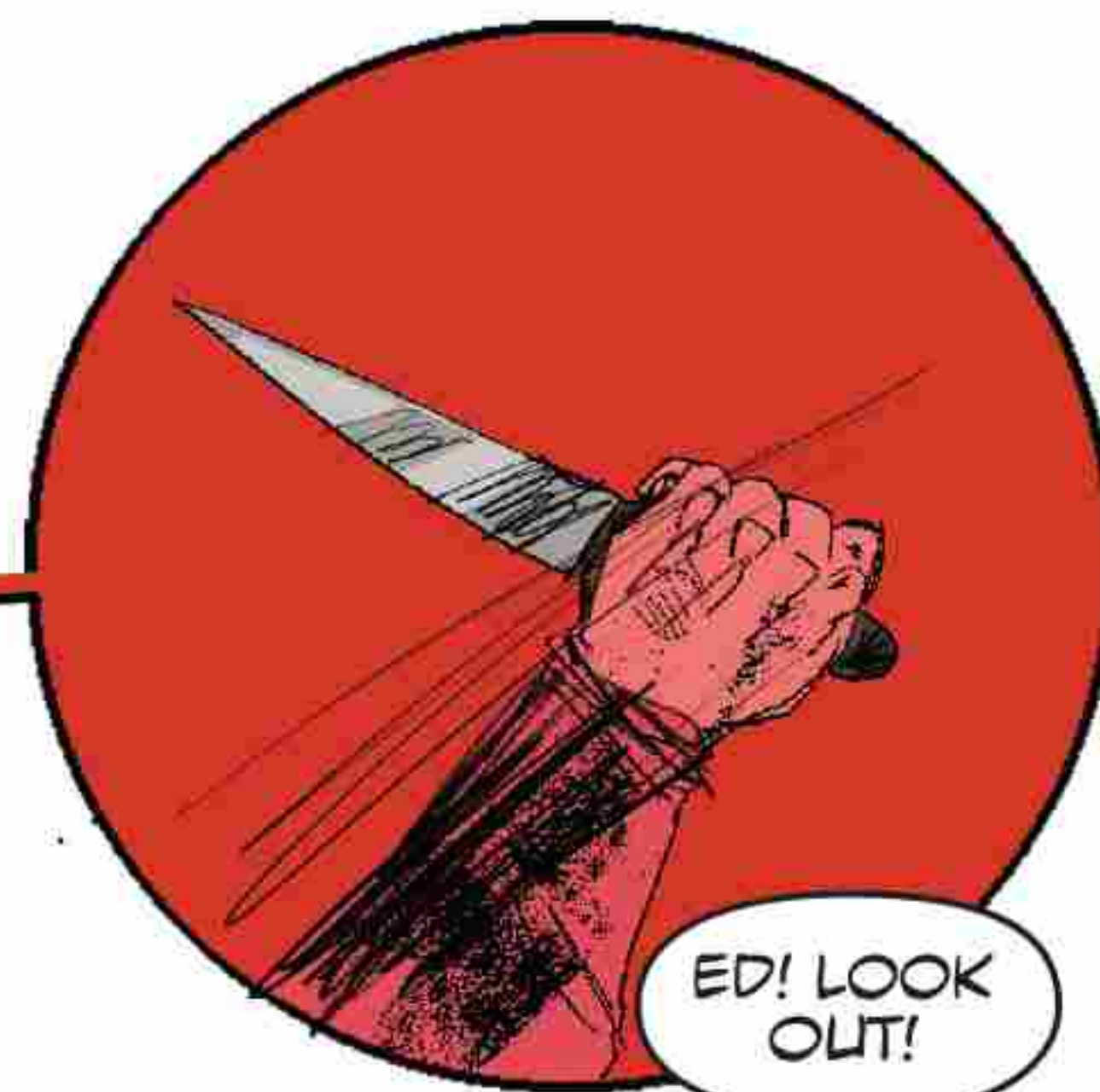
WHAT KINDA
BUSINESS YOU
RUNNIN'? YOU
TREAT THE PRODUCT
BETTER THAN THE
CUSTOMER?

CORRECT.
TAKE THE
WARNING AND
GO.

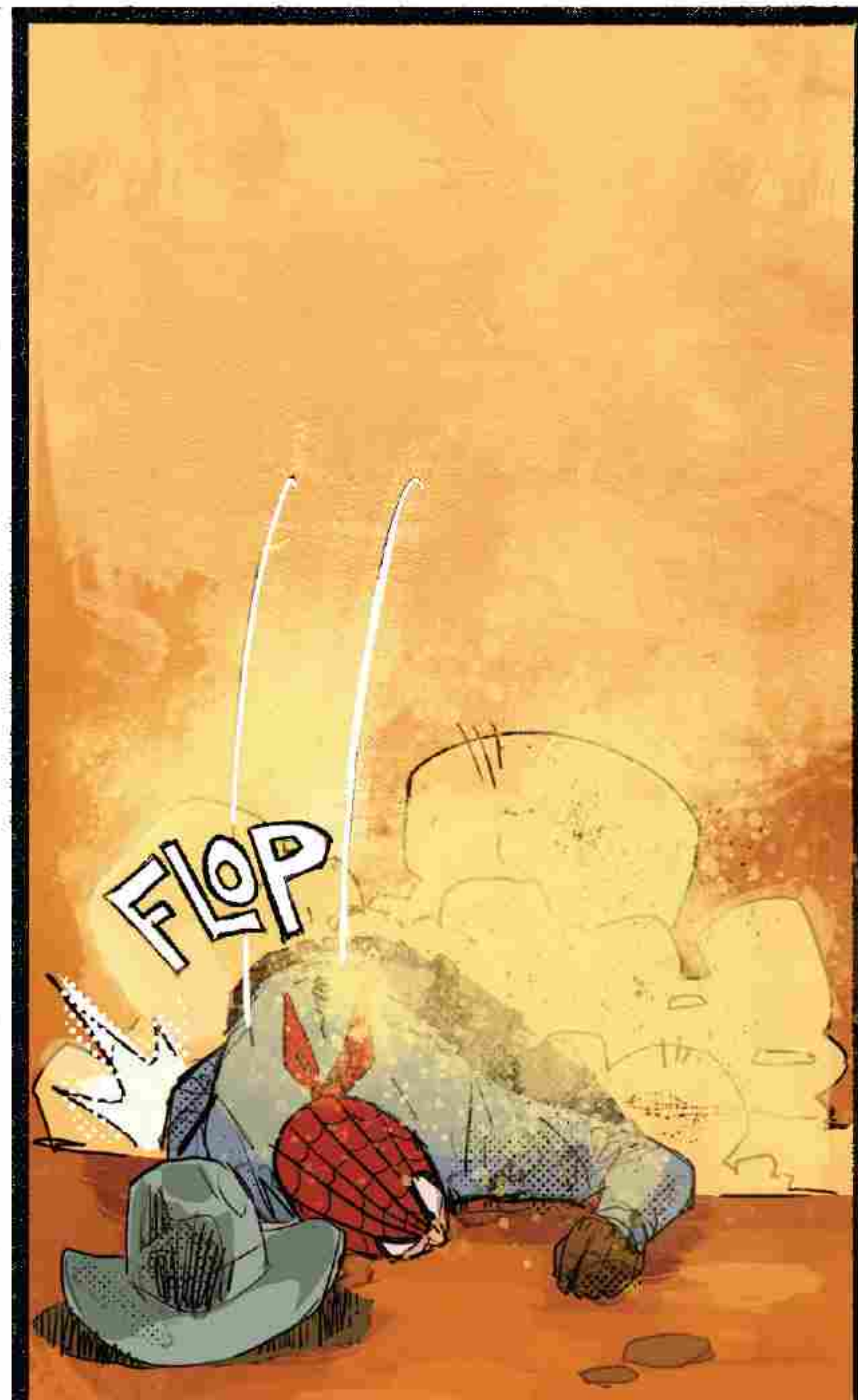
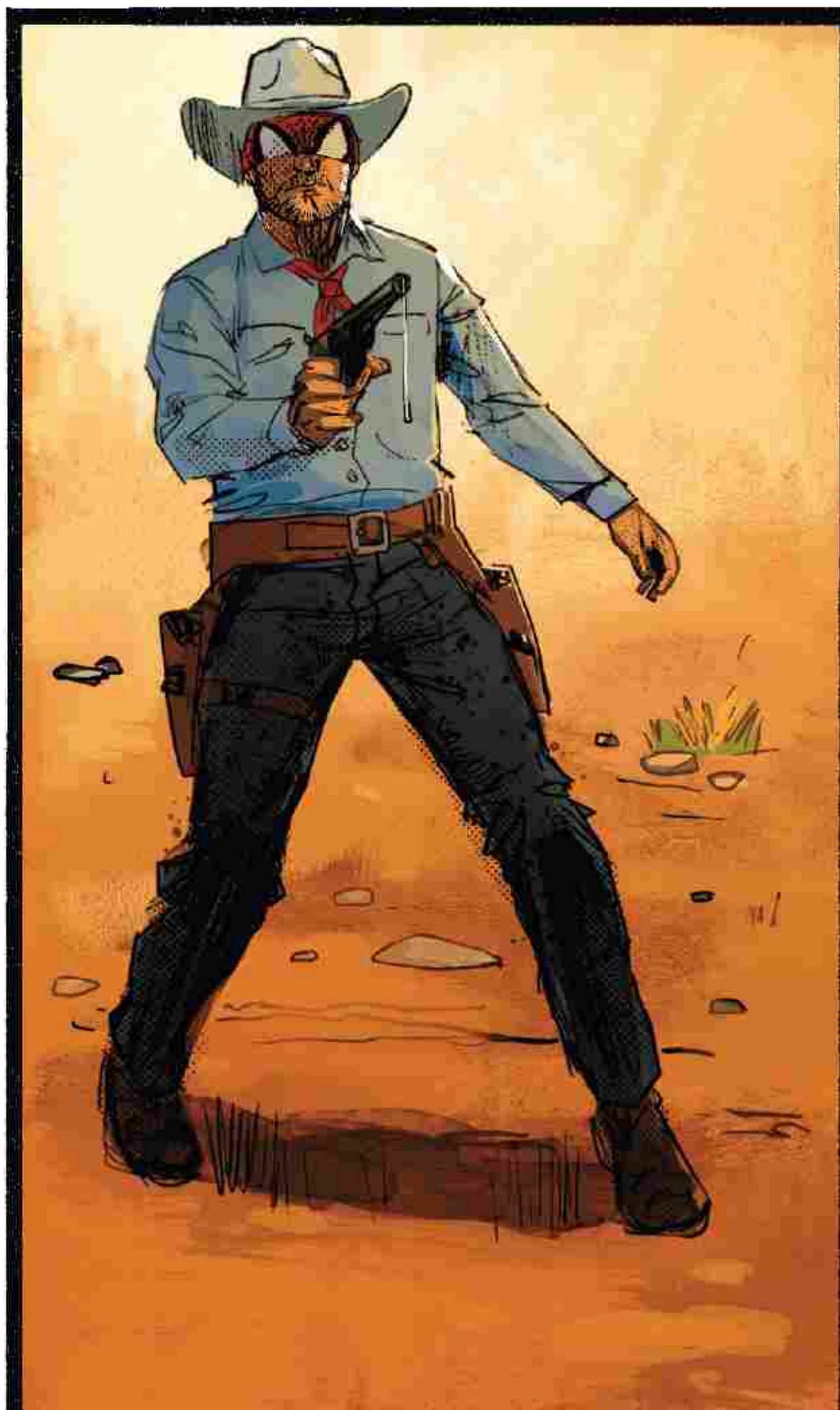


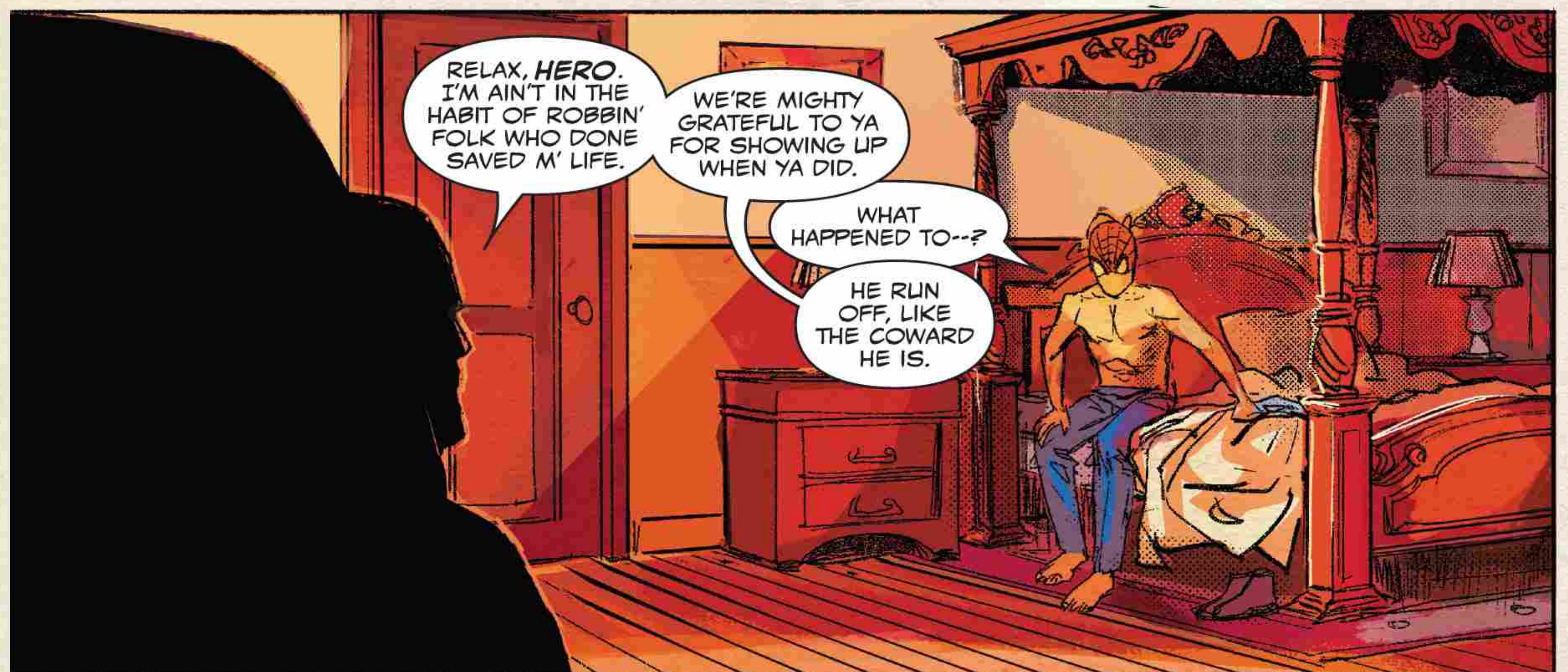
I'LL GIVE
YOU A WARNING.
I'MMA COME BACK
HERE WITH MY BOYS,
AND WE'RE GONNA
LAY MORE THAN
A HAND ON
ALL Y'ALL.

I WOULDN'T
RECOMMEND IT.
GOOD DAY.



ED! LOOK
OUT!







I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS QUITE UNUSUAL FOR ME, AS I FIND MYSELF IN YOUR DEBT.

I'M MORE ACCUSTOMED TO BEING A DEBT COLLECTOR.

TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, MY CARDS TELL ME THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN OFFER YOU THAT YOU'D ACCEPT.

THOSE CARDS TELL YOU ABOUT ME?



THEY HELP ME FOCUS ONE OF MY MANY TALENTS.

MOST FOLK LIKE CARDS THAT DEAL IN CHANCE.

THESE CARDS DETERMINE FATE.

YOU WERE FATED TO COME HERE, PARKER.



ALTHOUGH I DON'T ALWAYS GUESS EVERY DETAIL.

DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BE SAVING THE LIFE OF MY EMPLOYEES--

COUGH
COUGH

BEG PARDON. SURE WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION.

YOUR HOSPITALITY IS THANKS ENOUGH, MA'AM.

A MAN OF MORALS IN A LAWLESS LAND--



AT LEAST LET US LOAD YOU UP WITH SOME SUPPLIES.

MUCH OBLIGED.

COME ON IN, DAISY. IT'S ALL RIGHT.

MADAME, THERE'S TROUBLE--



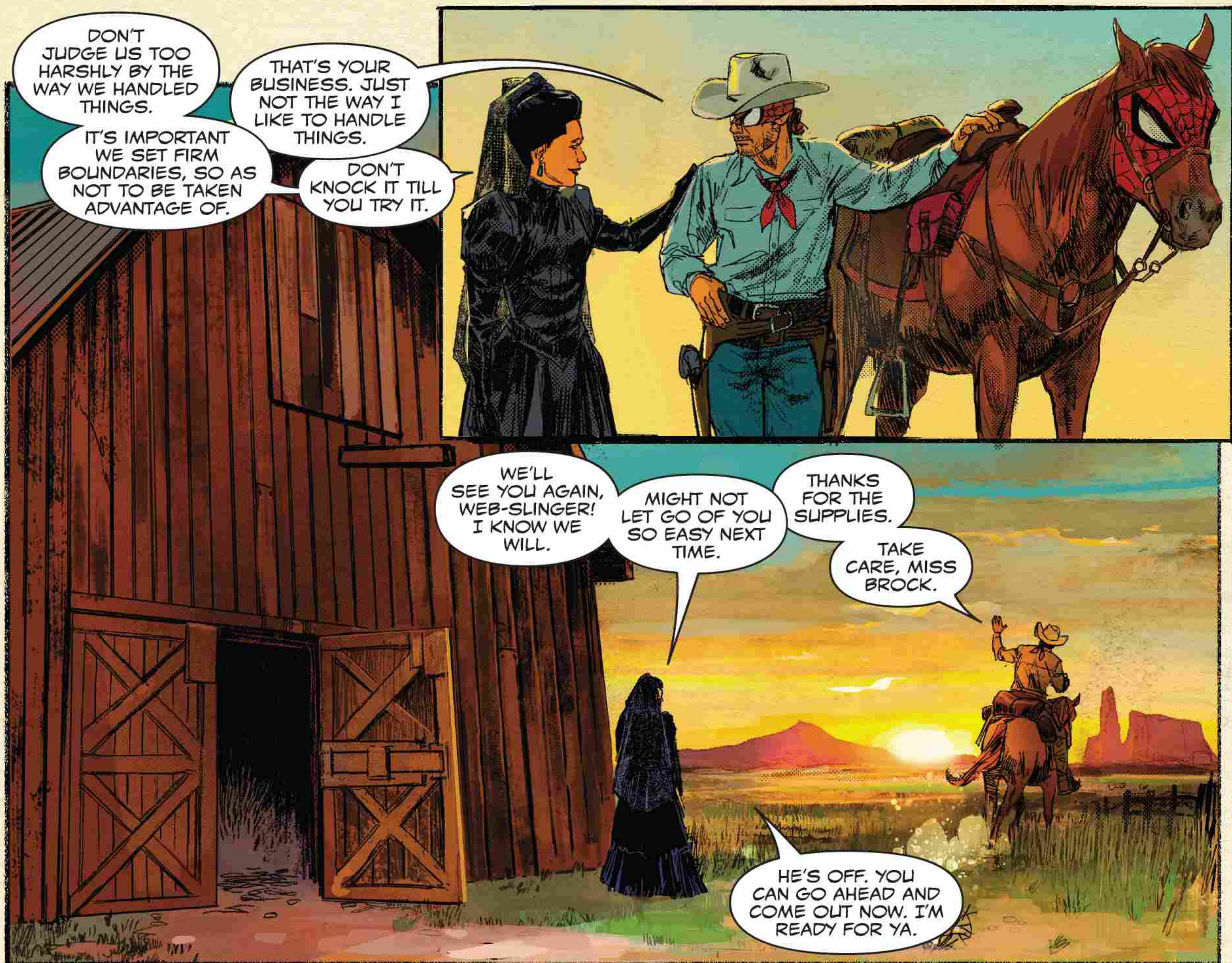


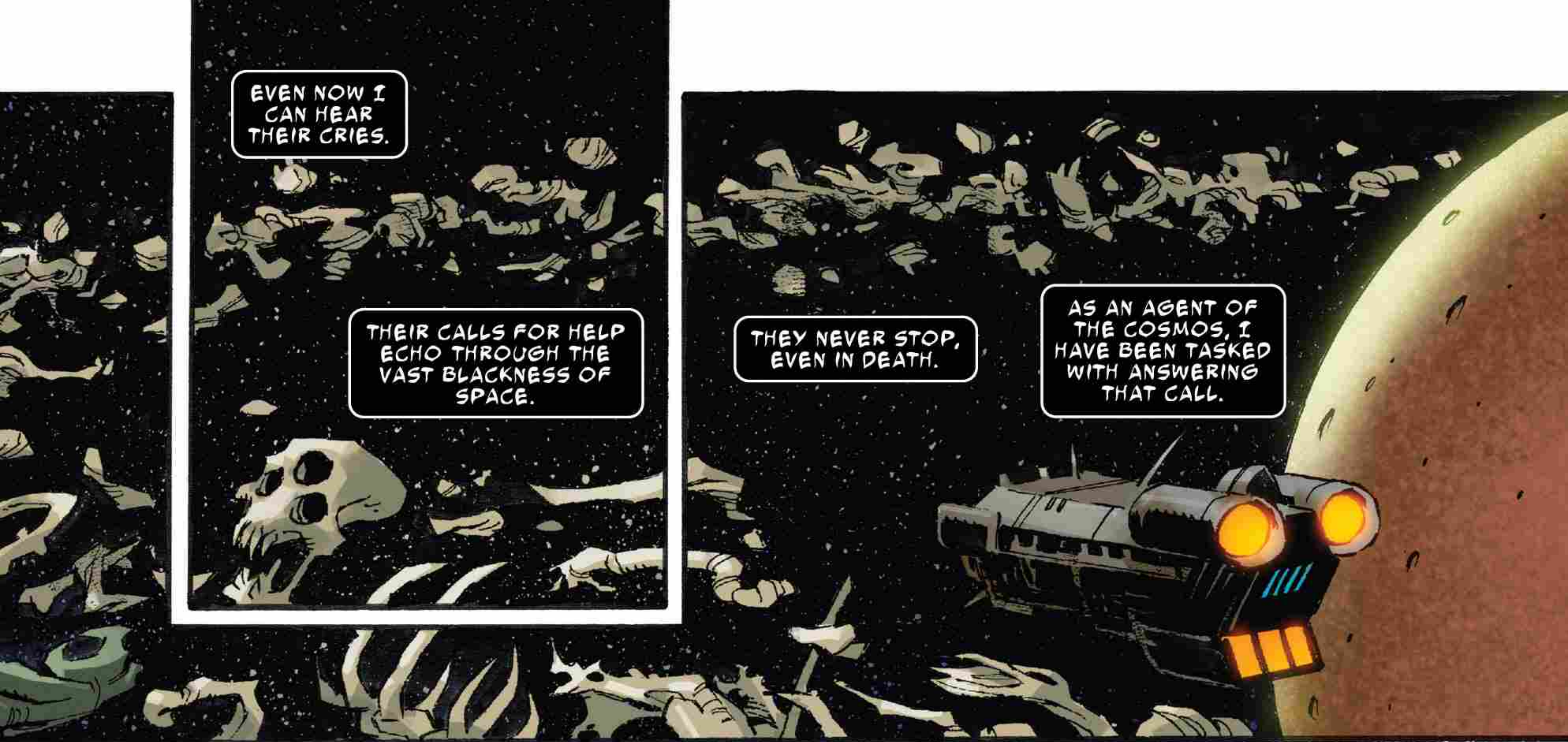


THWANG THWANG THWANG THWANG
THWANG THWANG THWANG THWANG
THWANG THWANG THWANG THWANG



BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!





EVEN NOW I
CAN HEAR
THEIR CRIES.

THEIR CALLS FOR HELP
ECHO THROUGH THE
VAST BLACKNESS OF
SPACE.

THEY NEVER STOP,
EVEN IN DEATH.

AS AN AGENT OF
THE COSMOS, I
HAVE BEEN TASKED
WITH ANSWERING
THAT CALL.



PRISON SHIPS.
THEY HOP PLANET
TO PLANET, TAKING
WHATEVER THEY
WANT.

THEN IT'S OFF TO
THE NEXT PLANET
TO DO IT ALL
OVER AGAIN.

AND THE
NEXT.



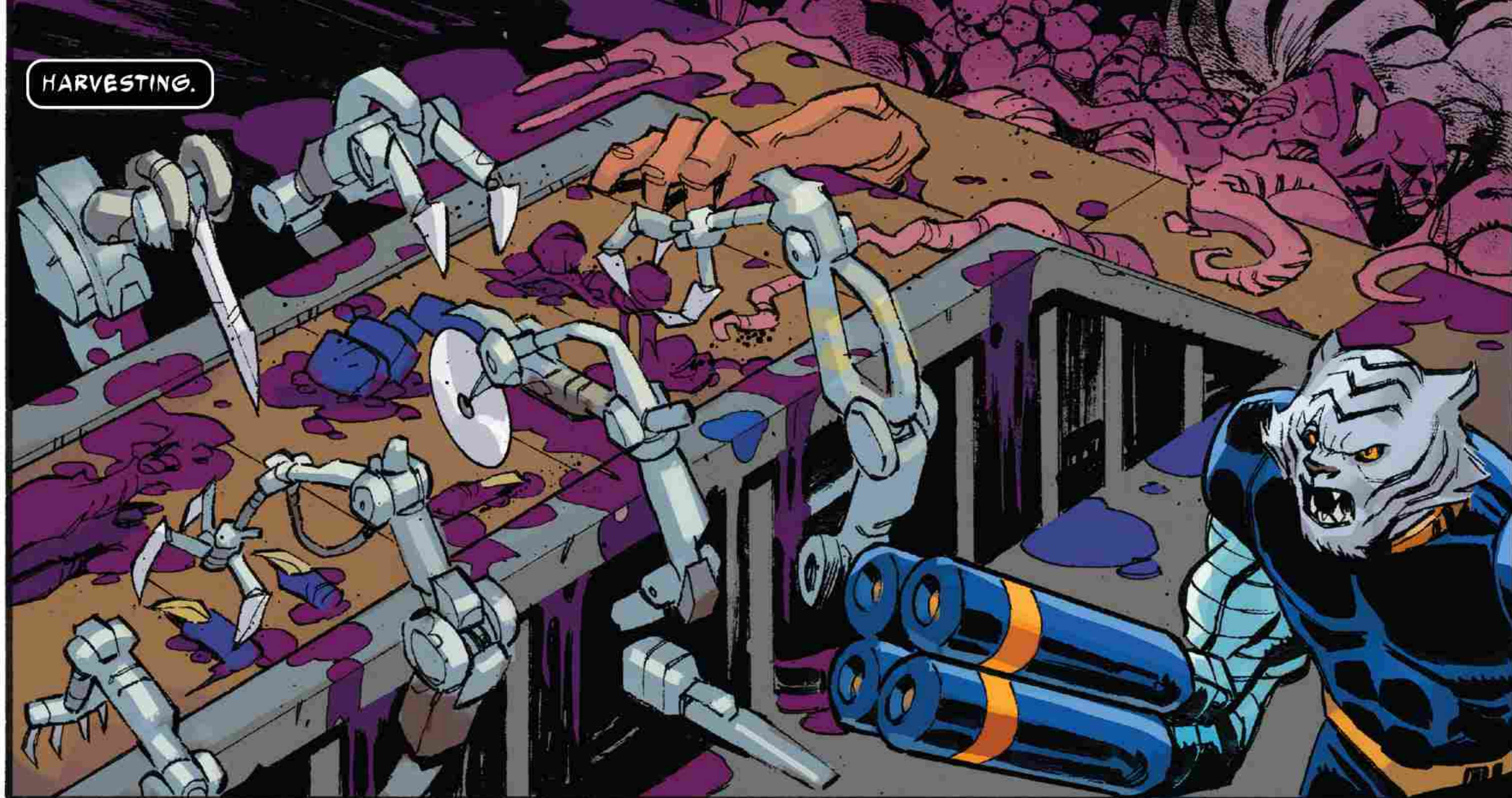
ONCE THEIR CARGO
IS CRAMMED FULL
OF CHATTEL, THEY
SLINK OFF INTO
DEEP SPACE.



VESSELS LIKE THESE
OPERATE IN THE
OUTER REGIONS,
WHERE WATCHFUL
EYES WON'T LOOK.



WON'T
CARE.



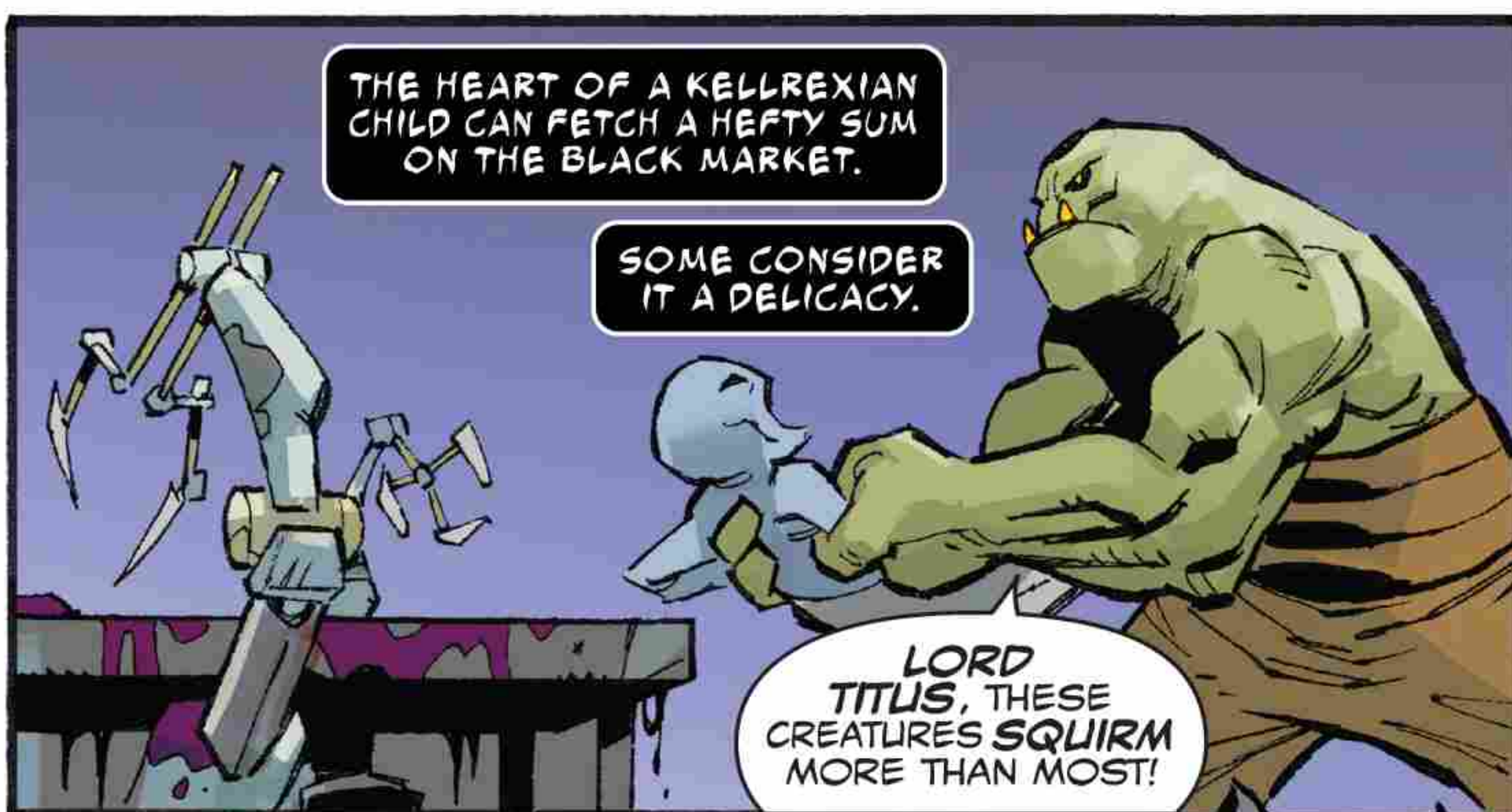
HARVESTING.



THERE'S MONEY TO BE
MADE IN THE CULLING
OF ORGANS.

BUT THEY NEED
TO BE FRESH.

STILL
BEATING.



THE HEART OF A KELLREXIAN
CHILD CAN FETCH A HEFTY SUM
ON THE BLACK MARKET.

SOME CONSIDER
IT A DELICACY.

LORD
TITUS, THESE
CREATURES **SQUIRM**
MORE THAN MOST!

I CONSIDER
IT CRUELTY.

THEN SQUEEZE
HARDER!

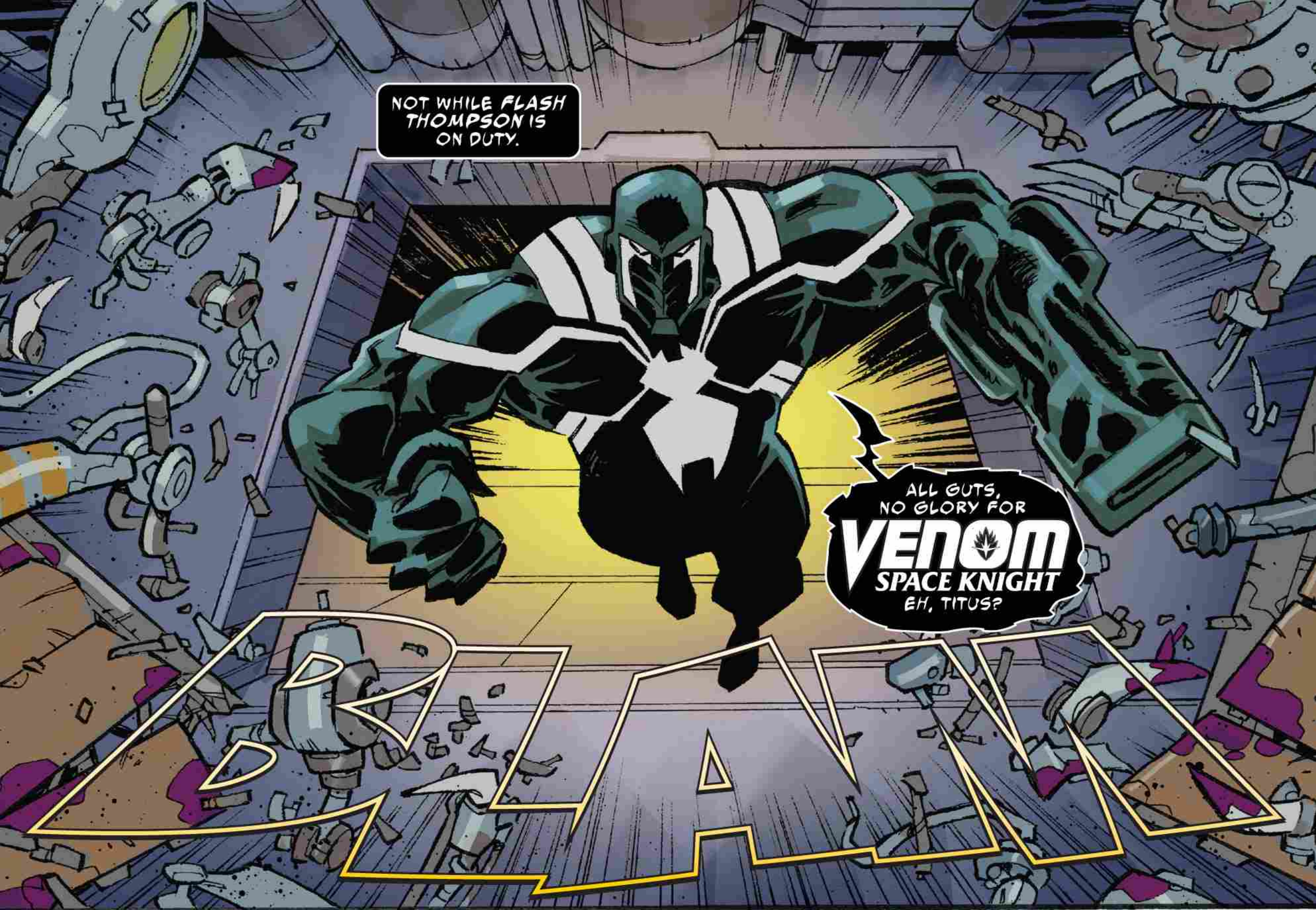
I WANT TO BE
DONE WITH THIS
CROP AND OFF TO
THE NEXT PLANET
IN LESS THAN
AN HOUR!



HOW MANY INNOCENT
LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST
ON BOARD THIS SHIP?



NO MORE.
NOT TODAY.



NOT WHILE FLASH
THOMPSON IS
ON DUTY.

ALL GUTS,
NO GLORY FOR
VENOM
SPACE KNIGHT
EH, TITUS?

RRRAA



SORRY
TO BUST UP
YOUR LITTLE ORGAN-
DONOR OPERATION,
TITUS...



...I'M
SHUTTING YOU
DOWN.

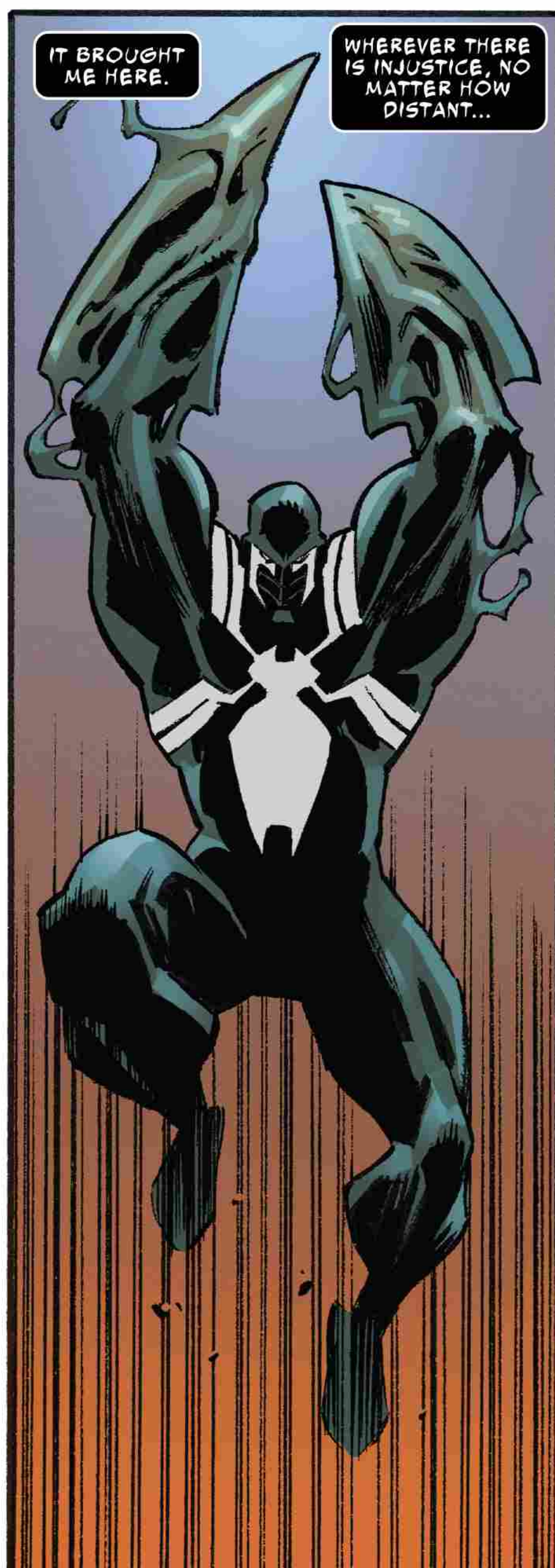


KILL HIM!
NOW!

THEY SAY BY THE TIME
THE LIGHT FROM THE
SUN REACHES YOU...

...THAT STAR IS
ALREADY DEAD.

THE CALL OF THE
COSMOS MOVES
FASTER THAN LIGHT.



IT BROUGHT
ME HERE.

WHEREVER THERE
IS INJUSTICE, NO
MATTER HOW
DISTANT...

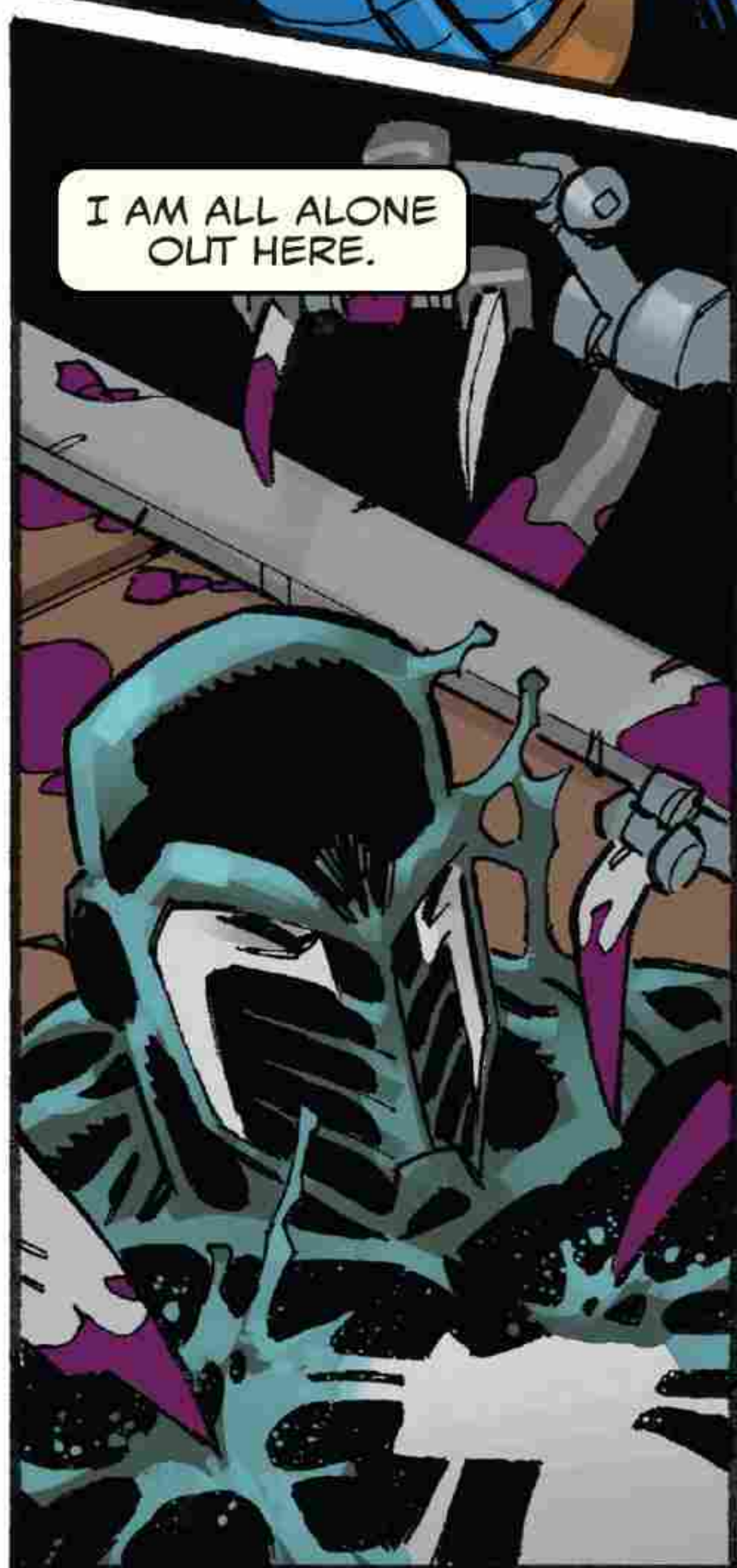
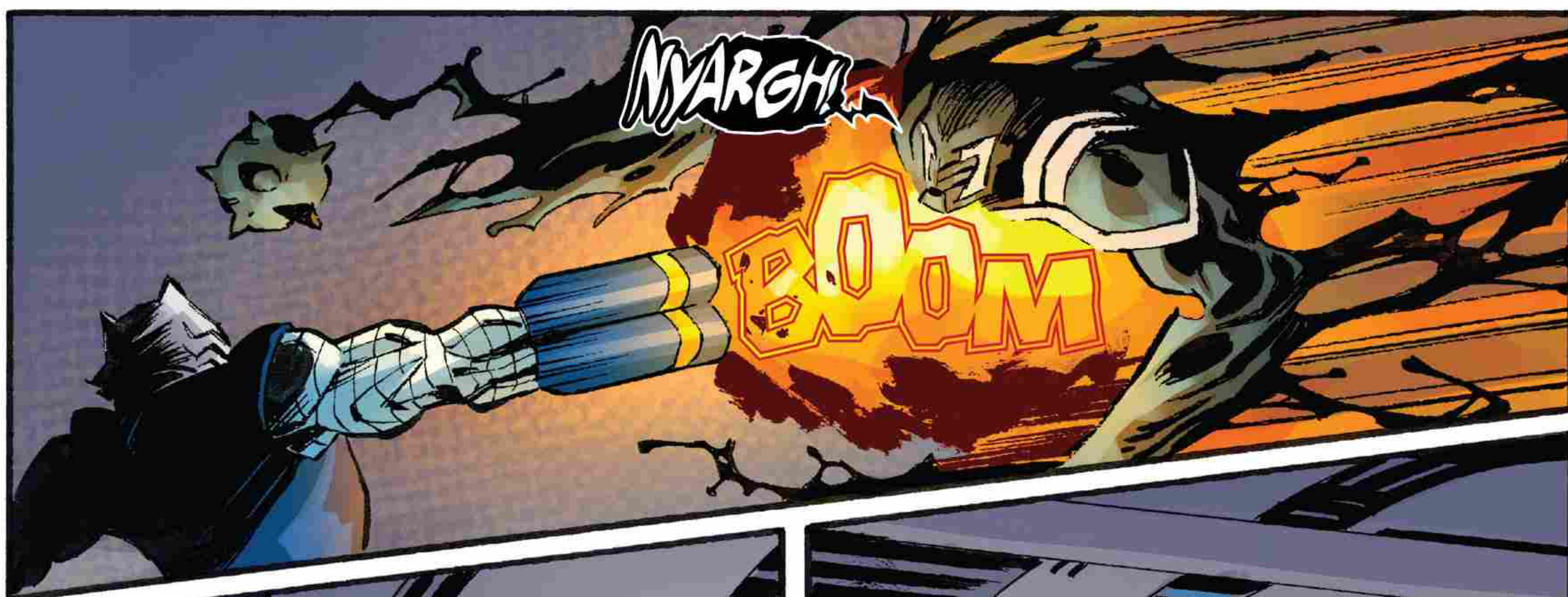


...I'LL FACE
IT. HEAD-ON.

HOW ABOUT
I THROW YOU ON
THE ASSEMBLY LINE?
LET THE WET WORKS
TEAR THAT KLYNTAR
OFF YOUR BODY
LIKE SKINNING
AN ANIMAL?

DON'T YOU
KNOW? THERE'S
MORE THAN ONE
WAY TO...

...SKIN
A CAT.



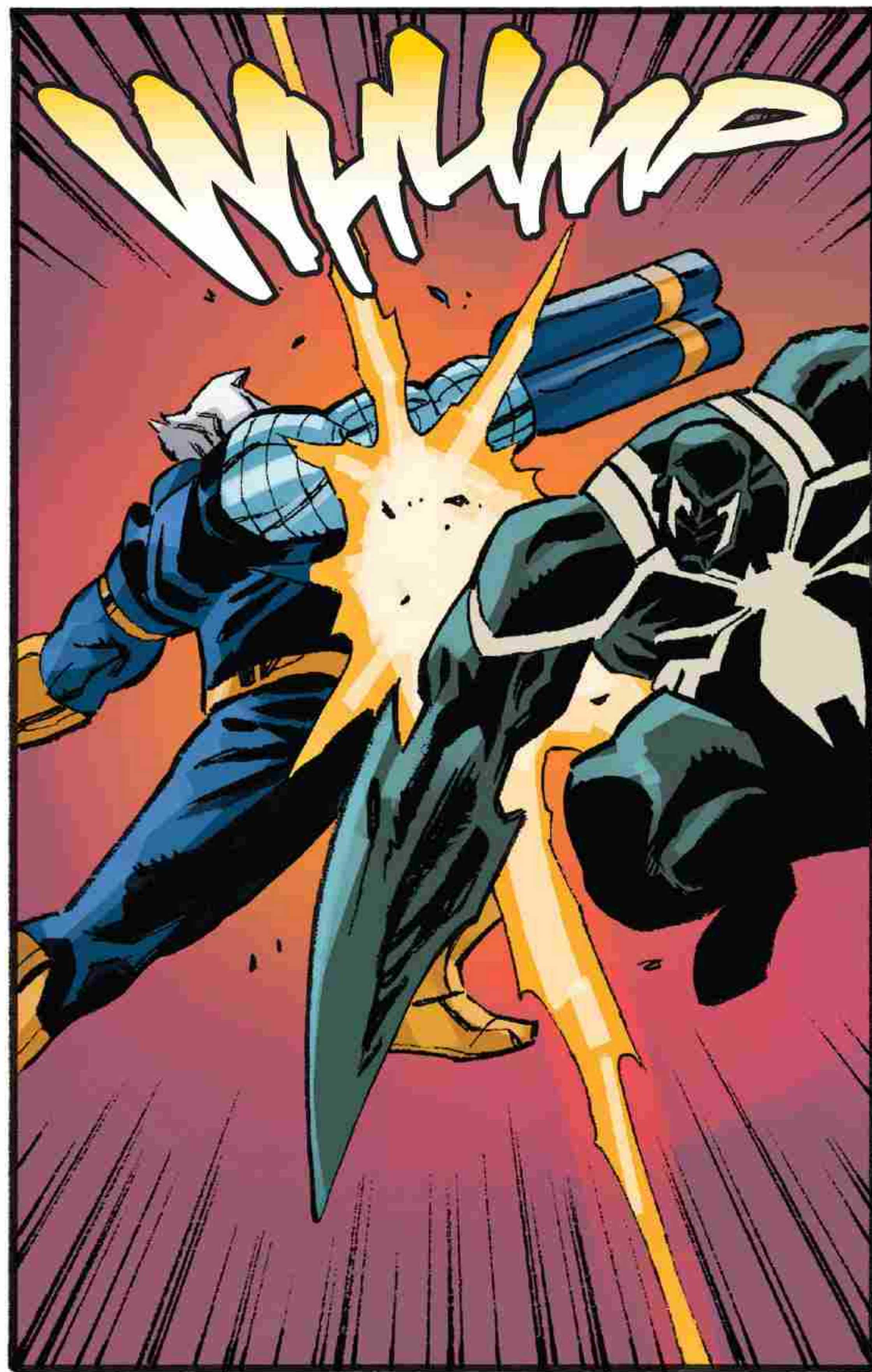


PARTNERS,
REMEMBER?

PARTNERS.



THEN LET'S
SHOW THIS PUSS
IN MOON BOOTS
WHAT WE'RE
MADE OF.



NO MORE
KIDNAPPING,
NO MORE
HARVESTING.



NO...
MORE...

PURGE



...CABIN
PRESSURE!



NO TIME TO THINK.
MUST ACT FAST.



CATS IN SPACE. WHO
WOULD'VE THOUGHT
WE'D SEE THE DAY?



LOOKS LIKE TITUS IS
DOWN TO EIGHT LIVES
NOW... BUT WHO'S
COUNTING?

HEY... IS THAT
GRAVITY?



OVERHEATING.
FALLING TOO
FAST.

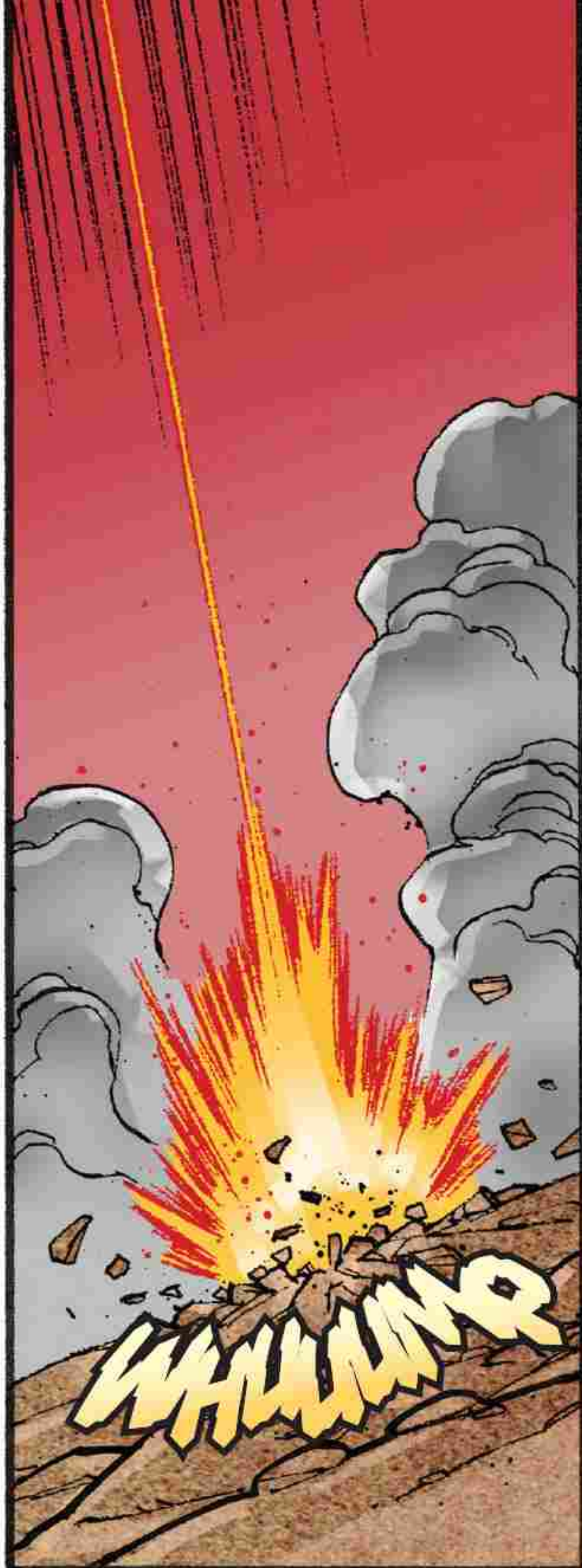


BURNING.

HURTING.



CAN'T
HOLD ON...



TALES OF THE BLACK COSTUME

I NEED HELP GETTING RID OF THIS ALIEN COSTUME.

IT HATES LOUD SOUNDS SO YOU HAVE TO INVENT A BELL.

I'M AFRAID BELLS AREN'T DUE UNTIL THE BRONZE AGE, SO IT WILL BE A BIT OF A WAIT...

BUT DON'T WORRY, I HAVE JUST THE THING...

ZOT!

DIDN'T WORK.

IT RANG YOUR BELL THOUGH.

REED RICHARDS INVENTIONS

CARNAGE and Clete

HAH! YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

YOU GOTTA GET BETTER AT RUNNING AWAY.

YOU ATTACKED THAT SCHOOL BUS, NOT ME!

THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE HONKED THE HORN...

YOU HAVE NO RESTRAINTS! THAT'S THE REAL PROBLEM.

WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THE AGGRESSION, CLETUS?

IT'S THE DOLL, DR. FAUSTUS! IT'S VERY TEMPERAMENTAL.

THE DOLL IS A SOFT, HARMLESS THING OF YOUR IMAGINATION.

WHO ARE YOU CALLING SOFT?!

UH-OH.

I PROMISE YOU PEOPLE... IT'S THE DOLL!!!

YOU HAVE NO RESTRAINTS... AND NOW I'M WEARING THEM.

DR. FAUSTUS

script and art: Ty Templeton

The FAMILY SYMBIOTE

SAVE ME THE WISHBONE.

DO WE SAY GRACE?

CAN I EAT HIS T-SHIRT IF IT'S IN BAD TASTE?

I SHOULD'N'T HAVE FILLED UP ON DRIFTERS AND LONERS ON THE WAY HERE...

I WANT FRIES WITH THIS.

IS IT TOO LATE TO SNEAK UP ON THEM?

I ORDERED A THREE-PIECE.

WHICH ONE IS EXTRA SPICY?

BIKINI INSPECTOR

KLYNTAR THE KILLJOYS

A SHIP! IT MIGHT BE VIKINGS.

DON'T WORRY, THEY'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE... PLEASANT ENOUGH FELLOWS WHO MOSTLY COMPLAIN ABOUT THEIR WIVES.

IF WE GIVE THEM A LITTLE TREASURE AND A GOOD MEAL, THEY'LL LEAVE US ALONE FOR A YEAR.

PLEASE SIT... HAVE A SANDWICH.

GAH!

A LOT YOU KNOW. THEY NEVER MENTIONED THEIR WIVES.

GAAAHH!

NEXT: #4



Kenis

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

